

BRITANNIA^{and} EVE

JULY
1942



ARTHUR MILLS
FERDINAND TUOHY

F. MATANIA, R.I.

GUN BUSTER
JANE GORDON

1/3

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS



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could
tell?*

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EVERY GENUINE "GOR-RAY" SKIRT



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doors I go to, I walk right in and find the books and the money ready. I lick the stamps, stick them in the book, and put it back in its special place, under the tablecloth or behind the wireless. Of course, you have to be known to be able to do this—that's why I make a point of making friends with all my 'clients.' And I've only missed two Monday mornings in nearly three years.

"For special drives, like War Weapons or Warship Weeks, I try to get people to double their contributions, and they always do their best. But it's the *regular* savings that count—and I'm proud to feel that we're 'regulars' here in Rickmansworth."

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Think goodness we always bought

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Regd.

it lasts and lasts and lasts

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FOR CHILD
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Britannia & Eve for July, 1942



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FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

and at
London and Nottingham

A meaty subject...

Of what use is meat in your diet?

The chief value of meat is to build and repair tissue, but it is only one of the tissue-making foods, and although we must now eat less meat than we like, we can make up for it, from the health point of view, with the others. The most important of these are the animal tissue-builders—milk, cheese, eggs and fish; then come the vegetable tissue-builders—pulses (dried peas, beans, etc.), oatmeal, national flour and national bread.

Do children need meat?

Children are building their bodies, as well as repairing daily wear and tear. Weight for weight, children need more tissue-builders than grown-ups, and they need more of the animal tissue-builders than the grown-ups. That is why they get a "man-size" ration of meat when they're six, and why they get first call on milk and eggs. Children need their full ration of meat. Never give it to the grown-ups.



She needs as much meat as he does!

Do heavy workers need more meat?

No. Daily wear and tear on the tissues is not materially affected by the kind of work done.

What is the best way to use the meat ration?

Meat should be "stretched" with pulses or oatmeal, etc., and the dish served with greens and potatoes; then you will get good balanced tissue-building food throughout the week. When pulses are the main part of your dish, add a little chopped meat, bacon, grated cheese or sauce made with milk and you not only get the extra value of the meat, but you enable the vegetables to do you more good. It is as if you added 2 and 2 together and got, not 4, but 5!

Are some meats better than others?

For practical purposes, all meats are equal. The cheaper cuts are just as nourishing as the dearer, though it may take a little more time and preparation to make them equally appetising. Offals, when you can obtain them, are very good.

RECIPE

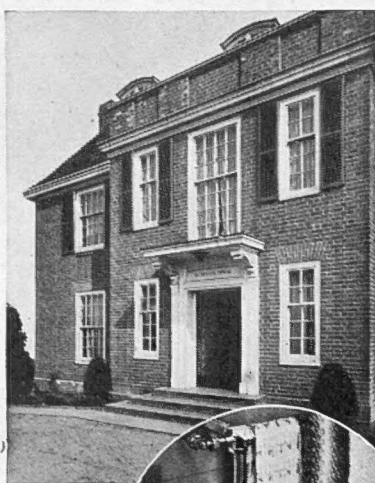
1 lb. stewing steak. Root vegetables in season. A breakfastcupful of previously soaked dried peas or beans. Prepare and fry the vegetables in a little fat. Fry the meat on both sides lightly. Cut some of the meat into small pieces, leaving a good-shaped piece of the meat "solid." Place all in a saucepan with the peas or beans, seasoning and water. Simmer gently for about 2 hours. Take out the large piece of meat, and serve the rest as a stew. Part of the main piece of meat can be served cold and the rest sliced and warmed up with hot gravy for other meals.

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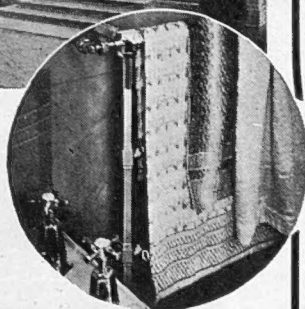
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Y.M.C.A. IN ACTION

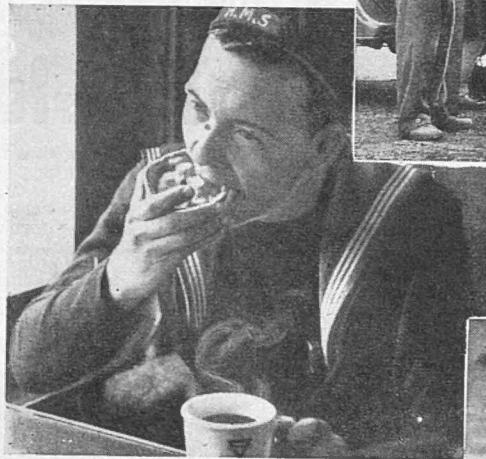


A sing-song inside a Y.M.C.A. hut in Iceland.

A Y.M.C.A. Tea Car provides the men with welcome refreshment while they prepare for a "trip."



The task of the Y.M.C.A. grows daily in extent and importance. More funds are URGENTLY needed. When you think of the sacrifices and hardships cheerfully faced on your behalf by the men of our fighting-forces, can you refuse to help? Send a contribution—as much as you can spare—to the Y.M.C.A. to-day.



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President: National Y.M.C.A. War Service Fund. London, W.C.1.
Vice-President: The Rt. Hon. The Lord Mayor of London (Lt.-Col. Sir John Laurie, T.D.)

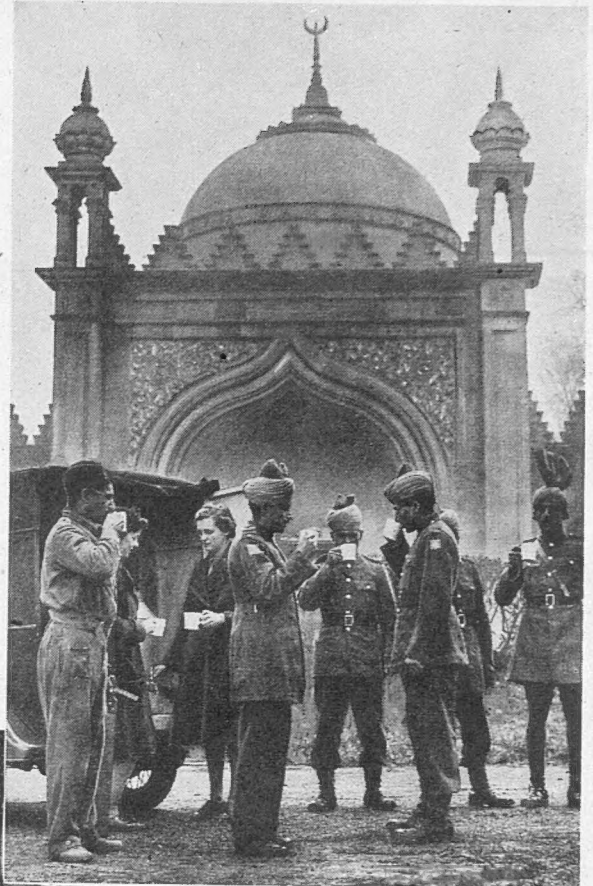
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Every contribution will be acknowledged.



The Y.M.C.A. has given and is giving service in the Far East, the Middle East, Iceland and other battle fronts, but this particular photograph was taken outside a mosque in England.



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*When the lights
go up again*

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BRAND
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Sew "Rufflette" Tape, at top and bottom, over hem.



With curtain lying flat, knot cords at one end and pleat by pulling from other end. Do not cut loose ends, tuck into heading.



Slip hooks (or rings) into pockets, turnover fashion. No stitching necessary. Use rings for rods, hooks for runner rail.

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and equal to it*

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revive a polished floor
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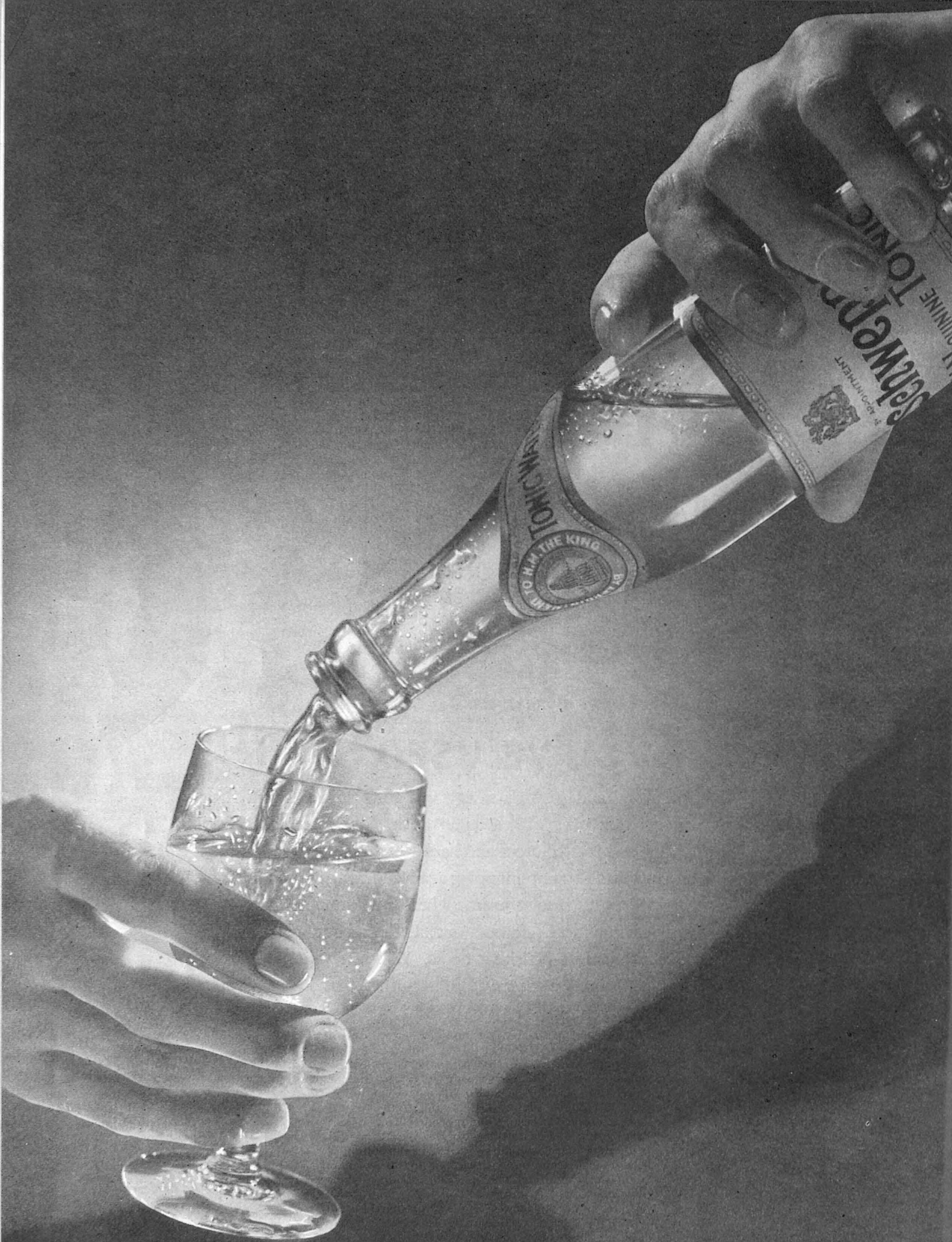
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it —





A man scrambled to a thwart, another man steadied him, he looked and looked

DAWN came at last, but the motion of the boat did not change. It heaved and pitched and rolled and wallowed, violently and without restraint. An oiler was seasick up in the bow. There was no cheer in him. The skipper looked formidable and very tired. As the grey light strengthened he looked wearily about him. Waves came rolling from the north-east; and were interfered with by other waves from somewhere else, and the result was a choppy sea in which the lurchings of the lifeboat were drunken and unpredictable. The sea wasn't blue. It was a dirty greyish colour. The sky was grey, too, with an unbroken bank of clouds that blotted out nearly all the colourings of sunrise. The lifeboat made a picture that approached demoralisation. Two of the men in it had come tumbling up out of the engine-room in their undershirts. Now they shivered bitterly and tried to invent adequately profane invective to apply to the authors of their discomfort.

The skipper had a two-days stubble of beard on his chin and his eyes were sunken in. As the light grew and grew, he said wearily: "We drifted faster than the wreckage. Break out the oars and we'll start upwind."

Somebody swore passionately. The skipper said, grimly: "No use swearing. It's a game we've lost at, so far. He scored first, whoever he was. Maybe we'll get a chance some day. But first we see if anything worth while is floating back yonder."

Four men took the oars. They put their backs into the work. The oars made little swirls—tiny whirlpools—in the water. It was not possible to see that the boat actually moved at all. There was no way to tell. There was no land visible, nor any ships. No floating object. Not even the other ship's boat from the sunken *Stoddart*. That other boat had pulled away some time during the night under the mate's guidance.

The skipper steered. His face had no discernible expression. The *Stoddart* was small enough, but he'd had her for ten years. He'd even owned a share in her. It was gone now. But he kept his thoughts to himself. He steered upwind, retracing the night's drift.

The four men not rowing huddled under the lee of the gunwale to be clear of the wind. They had tried to sleep, and failed. Now one of them repeated for the twentieth time

Score Even

A Skipper plays a game
of Cat and Mouse with
a U-Boat

By

Will. F. Jenkins

what he'd said when the explosion blew the *Stoddart* three feet sidewise and threw him against a hot steampipe. Another tried to drowse, but seasickness waked him from time to time. The other two played some game upon their fingers without interest.

IT was half an hour after sunrise when an oarsman suddenly broke stroke. He stared astern, his mouth dropped open. "Stroke, there!" said the skipper. "What's the matter with you?"

The man shifted his oar, but without strength, still staring. The bos'n, rowing, saw the same thing. His oar wavered. Then he grunted and heaved on the shaft again. The skipper turned in the stern-sheets to look over the empty, tossing water. He saw it, too. It was a vertical, cylindrical object perhaps four inches in diameter. It projected perhaps two feet above the crests of the waves, and seven or eight feet from their troughs. It looked rather like a spar-buoy, but spar-buoys aren't painted a neutral grey, and they aren't found a hundred miles off-shore, and they don't have lenses at their tops.

The skipper watched grimly while the four oarsmen fell into their rhythm again. Then he turned back.

"Nothing to worry about," he said curtly. "Waiting to see if we'll be picked up. We're bait. He's scored once on us. He'll try to do it again. But maybe we can score, too." He paused, and added grimly, "I'd like to even things a bit."

He steered, ignoring the thing. The four men in the bow sat up and stared back, one at a time. One of the two firemen, at the oars, growled maledictions upon it because he hadn't had time to get a coat before leaving the *Stoddart*.

"Needn't ha' been in such a blinkin' hurry!" he rumbled wrathfully. "Could ha' let a man fetch his coat!"

But he was warm, now, from his exertion. There was no real venom in his spleen. Two more oarsmen pulled stoically. The *Stoddart* was at the bottom of the ocean. As prisoners, they would be worse than useless. Therefore the object in the water was no longer a menace to them.

They saw that it was moving. It left a narrow, winding wake behind it on the flanks of the moving waves. It came closer. Obviously, it had been hunting for them. But a



A smooth, faint, throbbing sound.
"Er Diesels"

quarter-mile astern the wake died away. Having found them, the cylindrical object matched its speed to theirs.

One of the men in the bow said: "'Ullo! I can 'ear 'er motors! Put y'ear to the plankin' an' y'can pick 'em up!"

The skipper said curtly: "Somebody stand up and see if any wreckage is in sight."

A man scrambled to a thwart. Another man steadied him. He looked and looked. At last he said dubiously: "Over there, sir, I think." He pointed.

The skipper prepared to change course. The man added: "There's smoke over to port, sir."

"Don't point!" said the skipper quickly. "Let it go! Get down!"

The look-out got back below the gunwale amid a silence of complete comprehension. To conceal the presence of another ship from the periscope was a trivial way to score, perhaps, but it was better than none. The skipper changed course to starboard—towards the sighted wreckage. It would be wreckage from the *Stoddart*. The roster of the crew was not complete. A hurried check with the other boat

before they separated in the darkness, had shown two men missing. Therefore, it was necessary to search the scene of the sinking by daylight just in case one of those two had improbably survived.

The boat heaved in this direction and that. She wallowed in that direction and the other. The oars stroked and stroked, and made small swirls in the water, and there was no indication whatever that the boat was not utterly stationary in the midst of the deep.

One of the oarsmen said suddenly: "The periscope's movin', sir."

"Going over to see what we changed course for," said the skipper curtly. "They fancy they'll score again."

The cylindrical thing moved swiftly, compared to the boat. It cut through the waves, foaming. It went past a hundred yards to starboard. There was a tiny vibration in the fabric of the lifeboat. The man with his ear to the planking said: "When she goes full speed, she fair 'ums!"

A gull came flying out of nowhere and went on back to the same place. Waves came monotonously out of the thin haze to windward and beat their way on to the thin haze to leeward. The cross-seas wandered erratically here and there. The boat heaved and pitched. "She's comin' up!" said a man at the bow.

The skipper looked. Between wave-crests and pitchings he saw white foam like sea breaking over a rock awash. Then that foam-streak lengthened, and parted, and grey solidity appeared in the middle of it. An angular conning-tower became visible. The thing came to rest. The skipper thought he saw black streakings on the conning-tower. They would be numerals and a letter.

The thing lay still for a space. Then, quite suddenly, the lifeboat was filled with a smooth, faint, throbbing sound.

"'Er Diesels," said a fireman wisely. "Startin' up."

The conning-tower moved. It gathered speed. It swept with a swift rush across the face of the waters. It headed for the smoke upon the horizon to port.

"I 'ope she catches a Tartar," said a voice, with malice. "A destroyer, now—"

Even the oarsmen turned their heads to watch as they rowed. The streak of foam sped away and sped away and sped away. It dwindled to a speck

which was seen at increasingly infrequent intervals. Then nothing at all was visible.

"She'll be submergin'," said one of the two finger-players, "an' tryin' to creep up. Eh?"

"They're slow, submerged," said another voice. "It'll depend on the ship's course. Couldn't tell from 'ere, only from the smoke."

The skipper said: "I doubt she'll get the steamer now. Bear a bit harder on the oars there."

The oars rose and fell and rose and fell. Presently a bowman said: "'Ere's wreckage, sir."

It was a mess of oily waste, with little iridescent streaks of oil trailing away from it. From the engine-room of the *Stoddart*, blown open by the explosion. The skipper did not speak. Farther on there was a bottle, bobbing upright. Then a hundred-yard patch of sea in which the litter always left behind by a sinking ship was irregularly dispersed. A grating, in which a rag of cloth was tangled. For a space they saw nothing else. Here, as everywhere, the seas and cross-seas interwove to produce utter confusion on the surface. A scrap of planking, frayed where the explosion had blown it loose. Ten yards off, what looked like the charthouse door. But that was not likely. There was a formless mess which might be straw, from no one knew where, and a life-preserver with a great gash in its canvas covering. It floated very soggily. Then something which splashed heavily. The *Stoddart's* utility boat, its canvas cover still lashed in place, full of water and with its side stove in. It floated gunwale-even with the water.

"In the hurry last night," said the skipper, "somebody left the cover of this boat. We want that canvas."

They got it. It was ticklish work, with the heavy lurchings of the swamped smaller boat, but at last the soaked and icy canvas was aboard.

"Nothing to save for the underwriters," observed the skipper. "We'll go on. You up for'ard, take the two bow oars and lash this cover on for a sail."

Two men kept the boat's head to the sea while the others stepped an oar for the mast, and a second for a boom. The

Illustrated by



boom was much too long, and the sail was nothing to be proud of, but it might serve. The skipper swung the boat's bow to see. The improvised sail filled.

"That's better," the skipper said briefly. "We'll go faster."

Everybody relaxed. The motion of the boat was no longer so erratic. On the new course, and with a rag of a sail to steady her, she went forward with a swooping, swinging movement. She shipped more water, though. The northeast seas struck her quartering, and smacked small solid masses of water inboard from time to time.

"Wonder what happened yonder?" said a voice hopefully. "Seems like we'd 'ave 'eard a torpedo. Maybe she'll catch a Tartar."

The skipper said slowly: "We'd know if anything went off. Chances are our friends will come back." Then he added sharply: "Now, listen! Any man who sees anything won't show by a sign or a flicker of his eyes that he does! Understand that?"

"Aye, sir." Then the bos'n said: "But what's the diff'rence, sir? We can't do 'er any harm, much as we'd like it."

"We're bait for her," said the skipper curtly. "But as long as we keep her busy without baiting another ship to her, we're scoring on her after a fashion. If we can keep her busy enough, we might score on her in earnest. You, Jennifer, listen for her motors. You heard her before."

"Yes, sir."

An hour later—a good hour later—Jennifer said: "She's some'rs about, sir. I 'ear 'er."

"Mind yourselves, now! We don't know she's about. We don't suspect that she's waiting for another ship to sight us and for us to signal for help."

THE lifeboat sailed on. She contained eight men besides the skipper. They had the clothes they sat in, but two firemen had only their undershirts. They were in the bow, now, hunched down in the shelter of the gunwale and grumbling at their luck. Of the rest one, an oiler, still occasionally and wearily succumbed to spells of seasickness. The motion of the boat was vastly unlike that of the *Stoddart* to which he

was accustomed. The rest lay down out of the wind. From time to time a head popped up, to look around or listen. But with the obvious futility of the practice, more and more the men watched the skipper. His face showed no emotion at all—but his eyes were sunken. And he had owned a share in the *Stoddart*. The men watched him speculatively.

Presently he said: "They just pushed up their periscope and pulled it down again. They're back. No question. Now we'll see."

Nothing happened. They sailed. At noon the lifeboat's emergency rations yielded a meal—mostly hard biscuit—and water. And they sailed. And sailed. And sailed.

A little while after noon the skipper said abruptly: "'Ware water, up for'ard! We're going to take it aboard."

He changed course a little. The thumping of seas against the boat's side became thunderous. Water came in in showers and sheets. In seconds there were six inches in the boat's bottom. The skipper brought her head to wind.

"Unstep the mast and get the sail inboard," he ordered curtly. "We'll make repairs. And get her hauled out."

Water came out as men scooped it. Half-a-dozen men alternated at the task. Three of them saw the periscope. Half a mile away and watching them bail, with their sail lowered.

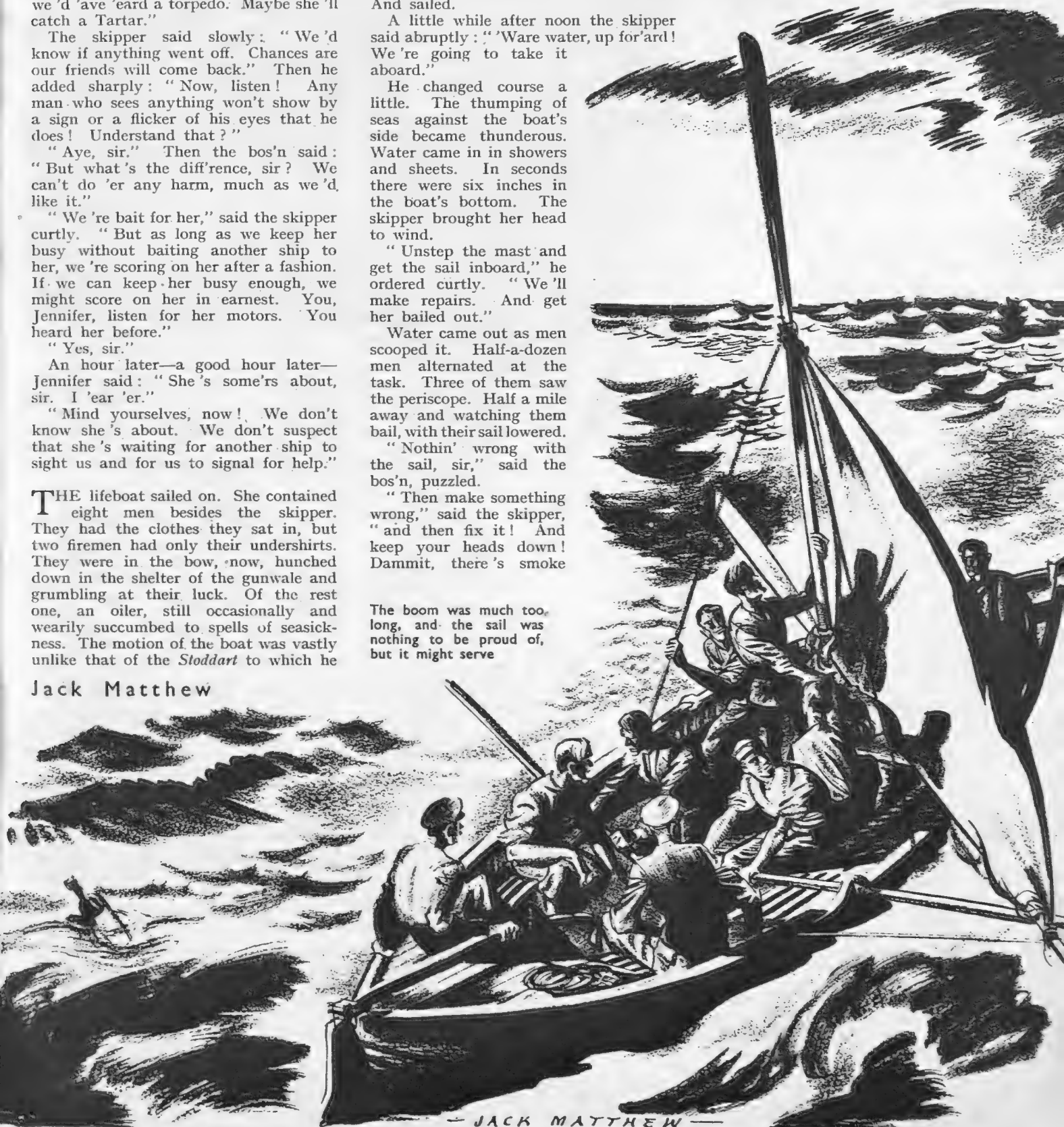
"Nothin' wrong with the sail, sir," said the bos'n, puzzled.

"Then make something wrong," said the skipper, "and then fix it! And keep your heads down! Dammit, there's smoke

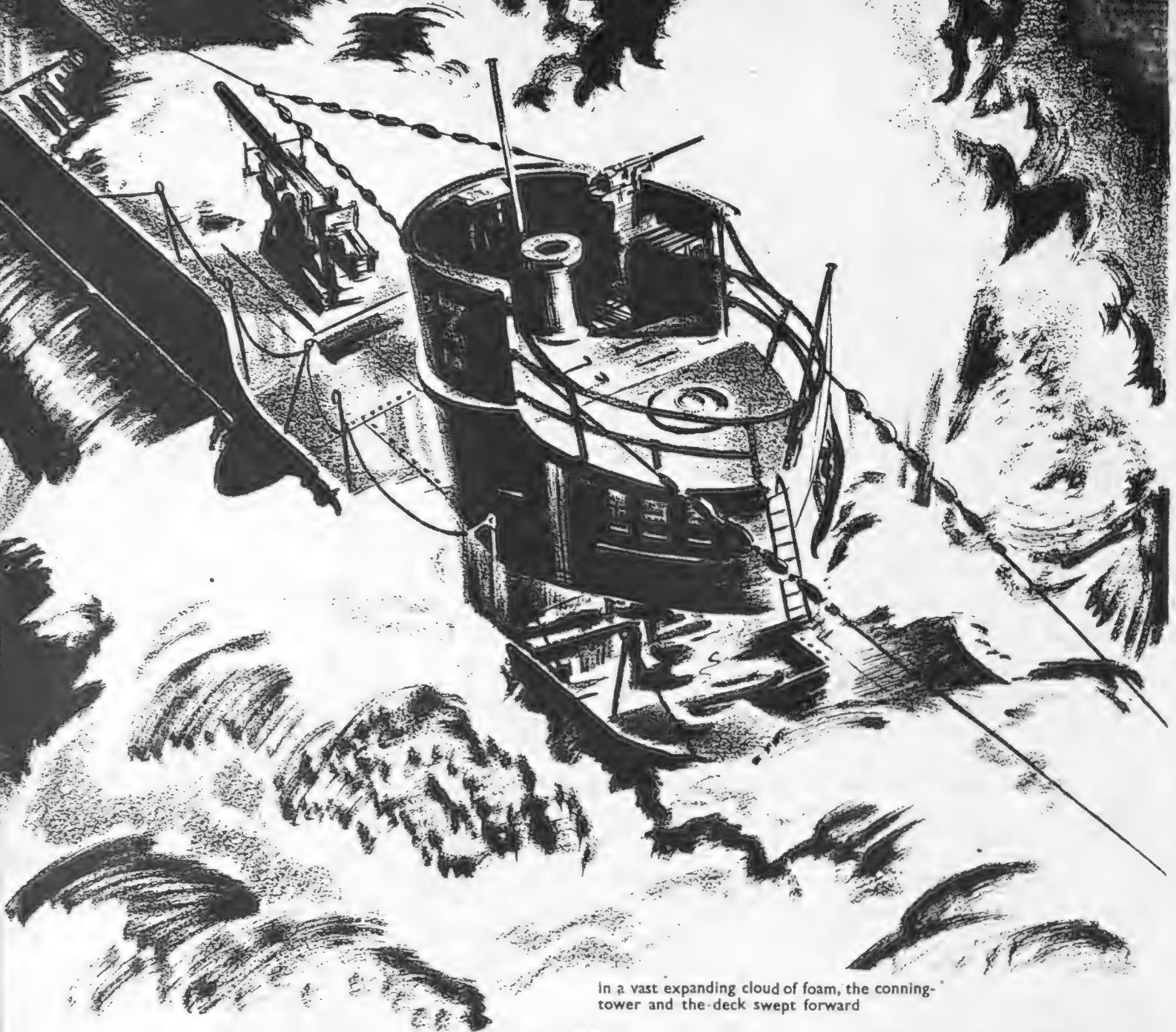
The boom was much too long, and the sail was nothing to be proud of, but it might serve

in sight. D'you want to be rescued, with our friends waiting to slip home a torpedo and us without any way to give warning?"

He eased himself down in the stern-sheets. And then, instead of a lifeboat under sail, beating east towards the coast, there was apparently only an empty boat, deep in the water and wallowing aimlessly. And in these seas no skipper would stop his ship to salvage an empty lifeboat. Not in these seas! From a distance, with a glass, there seemed nothing to change course for. And nearby, the behaviour of the ship's boat was so absurd that it would certainly keep interested any man who



— JACK MATTHEW —



In a vast expanding cloud of foam, the conning-tower and the deck swept forward

watched it in separate peeps from a periscope. He'd probably neglect to watch the horizon—which, in hiding, he couldn't do well anyhow.

For three-quarters of an hour the boat wallowed aimlessly. Then the sail went up again. The edge of the world was clean of smoke once more. The boat beat on towards the coast.

"Score one for us," said the skipper, but without satisfaction.

Later still, above the perpetual washing sound of the waves, there came a distant, drumming hum. It was a wasplike noise. A snarling sound. And it was aloft.

"If one man shows his head!" rasped the skipper, "I'll bash it in for him! Keep down!"

The noise grew louder and faded, and alternately rose and fell with the peculiar rounded effect of an aeroplane motor in cloud formations.

"But—sir," protested the bos'n, "they've got bombs up there, sir! If we can flag 'em down they can blow merry 'ell out of our friends be'ind!"

"And don't you think our friends are watching us?" demanded the skipper furiously. "And if we signal aloft don't you think they'll dive? We'd lose our chance to score!"

The snarling noise grew gradually fainter and at last died away. There was again the wash of waters, and only that. And now, hour by hour, the lifeboat approached the land, and the chances of its being picked up by another steamer were increased. Wherefore, until dusk settled down and deepened, those in the lifeboat kept very keen and very discreet watch indeed, and once they fled down-wind, apparently making desperate signals to a quite non-existent ship. And the light was then very poor, and a periscope followed them cunningly. By which manœuvre the source of a smoke upwind went on its way unharassed, and probably a man or two who might have been killed lived on. Certainly the periscope did not follow the lifeboat for amusement, but because there was good reason. A boat sporting an improvised sail was plainly a boat that had left a sunken ship at least some hours before. Anybody would approach such a boat out of pure humanity. And therefore the neighbourhood of the lifeboat should be ideal for an ambushade.

"Maybe that was another score," said the skipper hungrily.

Just before nightfall he tried to beat up closer into the wind. It could not be done with the unhandy sail.

"Unstep the mast," he ordered, "and

take the canvas off it. We're rowing again."

The bos'n tried to grasp the idea. He failed.

"Ow's that, sir?" he asked uncomfortably.

"Dammit!" the skipper told him. "It's so our friends can follow us in the dark! Don't you see? They'll be coming topside soon, for fresh air and to charge batteries. They've been submerged practically all day. They'd give us up, normally. But if we're rowing, they can follow us by the creaking of our oars in their microphones—even if they're charging batteries. And they'll tag along to see if we set off a rocket or two."

The bos'n scratched his head. But he took his place at an oar. Before darkness became quite complete, the lifeboat rowed squarely in the eye of the wind. Her change of course and of propulsion was plainly visible to all the ocean round about. And nobody saw the periscope, but every man felt quite sure that it had been watching.

Biscuits and water. The men ate and drank in the dark. There was no talk at all. Every man listened. And half an hour after darkness settled down upon the ocean, Jennifer said in a muffled voice from somewhere (*Continued on p. 59*)

To-morrow, We Build

The Task of Post-war Building, Construction and Development will be Gigantic

By C. Patrick Thompson

WAGING the second world war is the biggest destructive job men have ever undertaken. On the other side of it waits the biggest constructive job in human history. It will go far in absorbing the energy and skill of the two hundred million men who will be released from the war treadmills when the shooting stops.

This job is building.

But it is easy to see it—as we used to see the war, before we grasped its essential nature and range—too small. I realised that while looking over an east Asiatic electrification project with an engineer the other day. It was a sketch plan for bringing power after the war to expand the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives from a guerilla industry, utilising a quarter-million workers over sixteen provinces, into a full-scale industry with 30,000 workshops employing millions under decent conditions. The first-stage construction work was bigger than the Coventry rebuilding job, as outlined to me by a consulting engineer, in terms of materials and manpower required, when I was inquiring into the matter of rebuilding blitzed Britain.

You can gauge what house building on a large scale means by checking on some of the commodities that went into Britain's 1934 output of houses. Six thousand million bricks were used; 33,000,000 square feet of glass; nearly 100,000,000 floor tiles; 3,000,000 doors; nearly 2,000,000 grates and ranges; 1,000,000 cisterns; 7,000,000 yards of drain pipes; 5,000,000 cubic yards of sand; and 25,000,000 feet of cast-iron pipes. Add to these furniture and hangings, gas, water and electric fittings, meters and plumbing accessories, and the like, and you have some large figures.

But power plants can represent construction at its zenith. The Grand Coulee Dam, for instance, which harnesses the Columbia River in the United States to generators with 2,500,000-h.p. output capacity, is the greatest structure ever built by any civilisation. The concrete dam base covers 35 acres, compared with the 13 acres covered by the Great Pyramid of Cheops; and the concrete poured to construct that dam, 500 feet thick at the base and 30 feet thick at the crest, would make four Great Pyramids.

Or—since the post-war years will see new road building on an immense scale—consider the 6,000 miles of motorway which kept a half-million workers under Todt toiling for five years; or the more advanced Pennsylvania Turnpike, America's Number One motorway, a limited-access through highway which cost £14,000,000 for 160 miles, and kept 13,500 men employed by 115 contractors utilising £3,000,000's worth of equipment, busy for two years.

Armies of workers reconstructing battered British towns; fine new low-rent tenements and small dwelling houses rising in place of existing slums; a master minister directing the orderly dispersal of industrial concentrations over a well-planned layout of new industrial green-belt cities; even an £8,000,000,000, ten-year building programme, such as has been responsibly proposed: these loom large enough, but are only a segment of the whole building picture which occupies the foreground of the vast landscape of the post-war world.

Besides hundreds of wounded and scarred cities, like London and Milan, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Berlin (which may yet disappear as completely as Carthage), Genoa, Rotterdam, Warsaw, Shanghai, Chungking, there are scores of ghost cities, like bomb-blasted Bucharest, torch-burned Rangoon, wrecked Rostock, and those

Russian and Chinese towns over which the fiery tide of war has passed and repassed twice or thrice. Immense zones of devastation cover ports, with their docks, wharves, warehouses, and industrial areas, with their factories, communications, railway tracks, canal quays, goods-handling equipment. Giant dams, which took years to construct, have been blown up. Huge power houses have been demolished. Oil-well installations, and pipe lines and refineries, representing scores of millions of pounds of capital, have been systematically scrapped.

But this gigantic task of reconstruction does not comprise the whole building (Continued on page 62)



...MOLOCH...

...FLAGELLATION...

Posterity views

**The People of Britain
to the Stringent
Stern Life**

By Ferdinand



"GALL

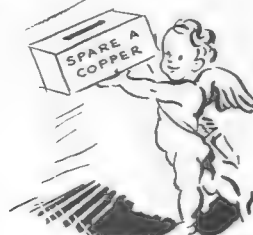
and

WORMWOOD"

...YOGA...



...CROMWELLIANS...



"TO SUBSCRIBE
TOWARDS
A BED"



"A GIRL
CARRYING
A NICE
HEALTHY
ONION"



"BEER AND SKITTLES"

IN the third year of the struggle the envoy at Moscow, Cripps, returned to Britain with the word "austerity" on his lips and the articulate quantities of the nation ever in search of a new slogan, pounced upon it. Cripps, a vegetarian and sour milk drinker with small desire for what money procured, was returning from the Russian intensity and he discerned, apparently, a Britian taking things too leisurely and lightly, wastefully, even self-indulgently. Himself a man of tolerance and width of mind, it seems he wished a disciplining process for the sole purpose of carrying the war to victory, but others turned at the time in some trepidation to their *Roget's Thesaurus* where they found under Austerity "Mortification, maceration, sackcloth and ashes, flagellation, yoga, asceticism, puritanism, gall and wormwood, sternness, stringency, rigour, despotism, Moloch, Rhadamanthine, Draconian."

Were the Cromwellians going to get into the saddle again, they who had not ceased to linger in the by-ways of English life? "It's just the kind of thing they'd do—take advantage of a war like this," was heard in the "local."

"Not so," proclaimed others. "We're quite safe. Churchill may be Rhadamanthine, and he may practise yoga, but he has no use for maceration and he positively hates flagellation."

Time was to prove these people right, though the more sanguine and venturesome of the nation had to maintain a constant watch on the cranks, kill-joys and pussy-foots who sought every opportunity to apply Cripps's war-time palliative in terms of their own philosophy, or lack of it.

A general impression formed at this distance is that "austerity" aimed at five principal objectives and that it roughly attained four of them. It freed invaluable shipping by extinguishing all save bone-necessary imports; it interrupted careless spending, re-directing money to war savings instead; it greatly curbed if it did not eliminate non-essential production; it spread what was called "equality of sacrifice." But

it did not cause the bulk of the population to take the war more intently. The Russian intensity was not for an uninvaded Britain which continued light-hearted (some said light-headed). The response in this respect was a typically illogical one. An austere person is hardly known for his grin, yet the Britons facing Hitler accepted all the austerities visited upon them—and kept grinning. They drew the line only at austerities judged to be uncalled-for, usually the fruit of bungle, greed or narrow-mindedness. We must remember that they stood on the brink of a new society in which the egalitarian aspirations of the French Revolution were to come closer to being realised in the West than ever before. Indeed, the popular wish for a fairer hand-out aided the austerity policy inasmuch as the latter impeded hogging and pigging by "them as could."

Unfortunately the newspapers of 1942 have worn very badly. They have faded into a greeny-beige and tear almost at every turning. Yet that in itself is attributable to austerity, as the most unlikely ingredients had to be pulped in order to ensure a minimum paper supply. However, many quaint twists and turns can be salvaged from the files, showing how the Crippsian doctrine swept through public and private life, through homes and restaurants, wardrobes and pubs, how it affected sport, pleasure, travel and a diversity of other activities and habits.

Although the coming event had been casting its shadow for some time previously, it looks as if "austerity" was formally ushered in with the 5s. maximum for a restaurant meal. The cessation of "ritzy" feeding saved only an infinitesimal amount for the national larder but it was a sign and portent. It didn't matter if you were a millionaire:

"THE BLACK MARKET"



"THE
KITCHEN
FRONT"



"TURNED UP THEIR
NOSES AT ONIONS"

Austerity

**have Responded Nobly
Regulations and
of To-day
Tuohy**

all you could have at the most fashionable place was a three-course meal. Consisting, say, of vegetable soup, Vol-au-vent containing a morsel of chicken, sweetbread and mushroom, and an ice. But that, with a pint of lager and a small coffee, set the diner back one full pound, the authorised bill reading: House charge, 7s. 6d.; music, 2s. 6d.; meal, 5s.; beer and coffee, 3s.; to which a ten per cent tip seemed still to be indicated.

For us to grasp the austere nature of that meal, we must imagine ourselves sitting down to the following, which was a typical expensive foray up to and indeed into the Axis War: Caviare and vodka; turtle soup and sherry; sole and a white wine; young chicken and spring vegetables; Burgundy; asparagus, champagne; strawberry melba; coffee and a brandy liqueur.

At the other end of the picture, the Prime Minister's wife could lunch at a British Restaurant from a menu of soup, roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes, cabbage or carrots, raisin pudding or jam tart, and pay a bill of 11d. These national restaurants were one of Britain's gains from that war. Born of the economic necessity of communal feeding, they spread eventually to every corner of the country, and if a statue stands to Woolton to-day, much as one survives to Parmentier in France, the man who taught Britain to feed itself more intelligently, well earned the honour. Remember the inheritance these people had. The Victorians considered their tummies beneath them, and looked down their noses at foreigners who took an interest in what they ate and in how it was prepared. How vulgar! This nonsense led to Britons being the most stupidly fed people in Europe, though the best produce lay about them. But rationing plus austerity, A.D. 1942, was

to soon change. People talked food, thought food, and finally decided food was worth thinking about anyway.

Housewives found stimulation in cooking exhibitions, "On the Kitchen Front" on the radio, and in brochures giving stopgap recipes by the score. Among austerity epicures whose writings are still examined with curiosity could be cited one Ambrose Heath who seemed to have endless onions, tomatoes and whatnots handy. Incidentally, people who took the greatest care of their breath in ordinary times, dreamt of onions in their almost total absence. The onion came to rank as a luxury food. Few got their winter ration of two pounds, and a girl carrying a nice healthy onion in a London bus caused quite a commotion.

Queen Elizabeth II was a constant visitor to the cooking shows where she would instruct that certain recipes—sometimes among a hundred or more—be sent to the palace.

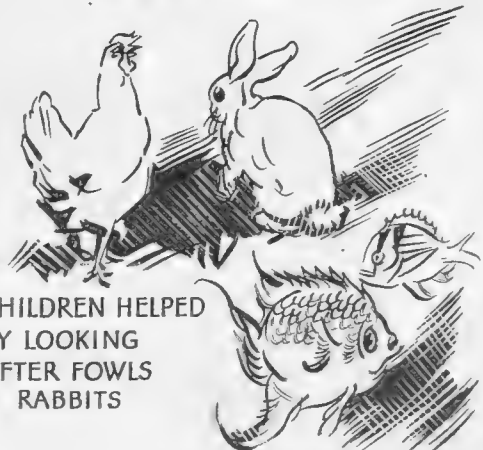
A determined attempt was made by the lily-hearted and bigoted to banish beer and skittles under the sign of austerity. How could one be austere and fondle the vine? asked these people. They made great play with the assertion that if grain were taken from the brewer and given to hens, the egg ration would leap upwards, until Woolton announced that the net result would be one egg per person per month perhaps. The record doesn't show that he added anything about the nourishing quantities of beer and wine. The gay survival of the grape in our peaceful age demonstrates further that wine is as necessary to peace as petrol was to war.

However, as austerity progressed, the cheering cup became so dear and unavailable that people in the street looked back in wonder at any one giving sign of having partaken. "Where did he get it?" Yet public conduct was, by day at least, exemplary, and if the licentious soldiery wavered in the still watches of the night, the accent was usually on the "still." Genuine complainants under austerity might have been members of the forces on leave or celebrating this and that, and who, craving fun and games, found themselves persistently balked and driven (Continued on page 62)



...RACING...

THE "DOGS" ON SATURDAYS ONLY



"QUEER FISH"



AND—
TINNED
RABBIT



...DANCING...

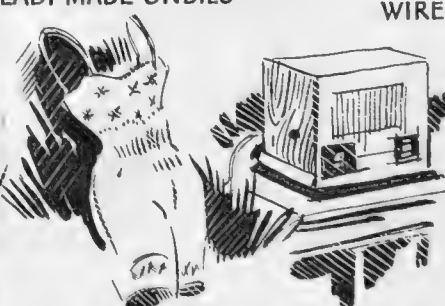
Decorat ion b y J. Nicolson

"SHIRTS BECAME TAILLESS"



THE PRIME MINISTER
IN A BOILER SUIT

"READY-MADE UNDIES"



"THEATRE & WIRELESS"



Theatre



A new site for a show. The cast give a hand to erect the stage in the desert

(Left) Doris Palmer, the star of the show *Girls in Uniform*, by Archie de Bear, putting over one of her numbers



ANY day at Drury Lane Theatre you may see a little party of girls, excited and wide-eyed, rushing madly from room to room, signing forms, packing up baskets, chattering with excitement and talking nineteen to the dozen. The men, who are with them, are a bit cooler, but are full of bustle, too. There is a lot to do and very little time in which to do it. They are an ENSA

(Below) Some of the cast taking a well-earned drink after a strenuous show. (Left to right) Doris Palmer, Vera Brolley, Beryl Marshall, Zena Toynbee, and Betty Walker

party on the point of leaving for the Middle East. They are all ready; they have rehearsed for weeks, their kit has been prepared, their records and characters have been scrupulously combed, the props are all made, they have been medically examined, the music is arranged, the costumes are complete, but the great charm of "going East" is that you never know when you are actually going. Instructions to embark come at the last moment, for security's sake. Nothing must be said about it, the name of the



Royal in the Desert

With ENSA in the
Middle East

By
W. Macqueen-Pope

The show in progress. Vera Brolley, Beryl Marshall, Zena Toynbee and Betty Walker in one of their numbers. Leslie Romney is playing the piano

Some of the cast sitting among the audience during the show

Wherever there is a concentration of men who are at all accessible there go the ENSA shows. They play under broiling sun, blinding glare, frizzling heat—but they don't mind. They plough across the desert in their lorries. There does not seem to be a human soul for miles—nothing but rolling waves of sand. Then suddenly, before they know it, they strike a camouflaged camp almost invisible until they are right on top of it. This is where they are to perform. There are the boys in front, sometimes a mere handful, sometimes many hundreds. Those boys have heard they are coming and expectancy has been on tiptoes. Then they have seen the lorries arrive. Down jump the company and their manager-stage-manager, and they start to "fix up the stuff." Willing hands help them. The stage is



ship, the port of embarkation, all the rest of it, is a closely guarded secret. So sailing orders may—indeed, do—come at any time, and although everything is organised and prepared, there is that last-minute rush for personal things, those good-byes, those frantic telephone calls to your pals, a final visit to the hairdresser—before you start off on the big adventure.

For adventure it is. You sail into the blue and most people don't know you have gone until you are well away from these shores. It is a long journey nowadays—and quite exciting enough for any one's taste, but the ENSA people don't mind that. They are doing a job of work and a job of their own kind, something they understand and love. They are going to entertain the boys in the desert—the boys who have been overseas for years. They are bringing them a show from home.

Every possible comfort is provided and when they arrive in the East they find a highly organised concern waiting to

A "camel," new type, overloaded. Some of the happy cast of *Girls in Uniform* testing the carrying capacity of a strong army motor cycle

take them over. They are met and taken to their digs, they get full instructions and things are made as easy and simple for them as possible. As a rule they open in Cairo, giving a show in no less a place than the Opera House—and all Cairo, big-wigs and all, come to see them. They get a royal welcome, and they are made much of. They give the latest news of home, and hear the latest news from the Eastern battle front.

With the little portable theatre with which they travel—and every one of these is made in Drury Lane Theatre, they are packed into a lorry and they really go into the desert. No half measures. They go into the real desert, not just around the Pyramids and on the old tourist route, but out in the wilds, far away from any ordinary amenity or civilisation.

fitted up, the proscenium arch goes into place, the curtains are hung, the lighting fixed (it is worked off the lorry engine for power), the portable dressing-room is set up, the piano rolled out, and the show starts. Sometimes the men in the audience just stand, sometimes they squat in rows on the sand, sometimes they are in a big tent or a hut—but always there is the same delight and enthusiasm. The artistes work as hard and with as much care as if they were in a West End theatre. And they get a far greater thrill—for out there, watching them, are men from home, from Australia, from New Zealand, from South Africa, gallant soldiers of the Indian Army, Poles, Free French—all the Allied Nations, getting a taste of amusement and getting a theatre show in wartime (Continued on page 50)

THE sky was serene and blue, the air was filled with the soft, appealing smells of early summer and the grass of the pasture field had a tang of thyme and was good to lie on. Twelve Hurricanes were dispersed about the field under the trees and the pilots lay under the wings.

Behind them somewhere was an aircraft factory; before them was the Channel with its trawler convoys. They had averaged a fight a day for the last seven days and shortly they would fight again. For the moment they were at peace, they chewed grass and dozed and day-dreamed as if the green field were a college campus.

Flight Lieutenant Vincent, leader of "B" flight lay under a hedge, his helmet

for two hundred years of Sundays—that's a solemn thought, Vince."

A sergeant put his head through the hedge. "A scramble, sir."

Vincent was on his feet.

"Sorry, old thing—Sunday dinner definitely off. And if you're not too busy, would you mind keeping an eye on my tail?"

The air was shattered by engine bursts. The pilots stepped from the wings to the

They were at ten thousand feet in four minutes. The earth lay silver and blue below them. The squadron swung into stepped-up V's and headed off on its course.

Bugles Blow For These

*Romance still lived in
a London of Death
and Desolation*

By
D. K. Findlay

down his back. He had a book propped up before him on his flying boots. The sunlight illumined its pages but he was not reading. He was looking at England, feeling her, thinking how lovely was this green land. Beside him, their latest-joined replacement, Flying Officer Devon, lay on his back, looking up through the leaves. He had the fair hair and the soft accent of England's west country.

"I feel very, very peaceful this morning. Do you know what day this is, Vince? It's a Sunday—I know it by the look of the fields, by the hot, lazy feel in the air. I wish I were going to church this morning—a little village church with parson droning like a bee and the heads nodding and the children all washed and shiny."

Vincent laughed. "I doubt if you'll make it."

"The best moment was coming out into the sunshine afterwards, duty well done, to blink and gossip at the gate. Then walking sedately under the big elms towards the big Sunday dinner—"

A field telephone rang behind the hedge. Vincent reached for his boots and Devons sat up, pulling on his helmet.

"Our family has sat in the same hard pew and listened to the same sermons

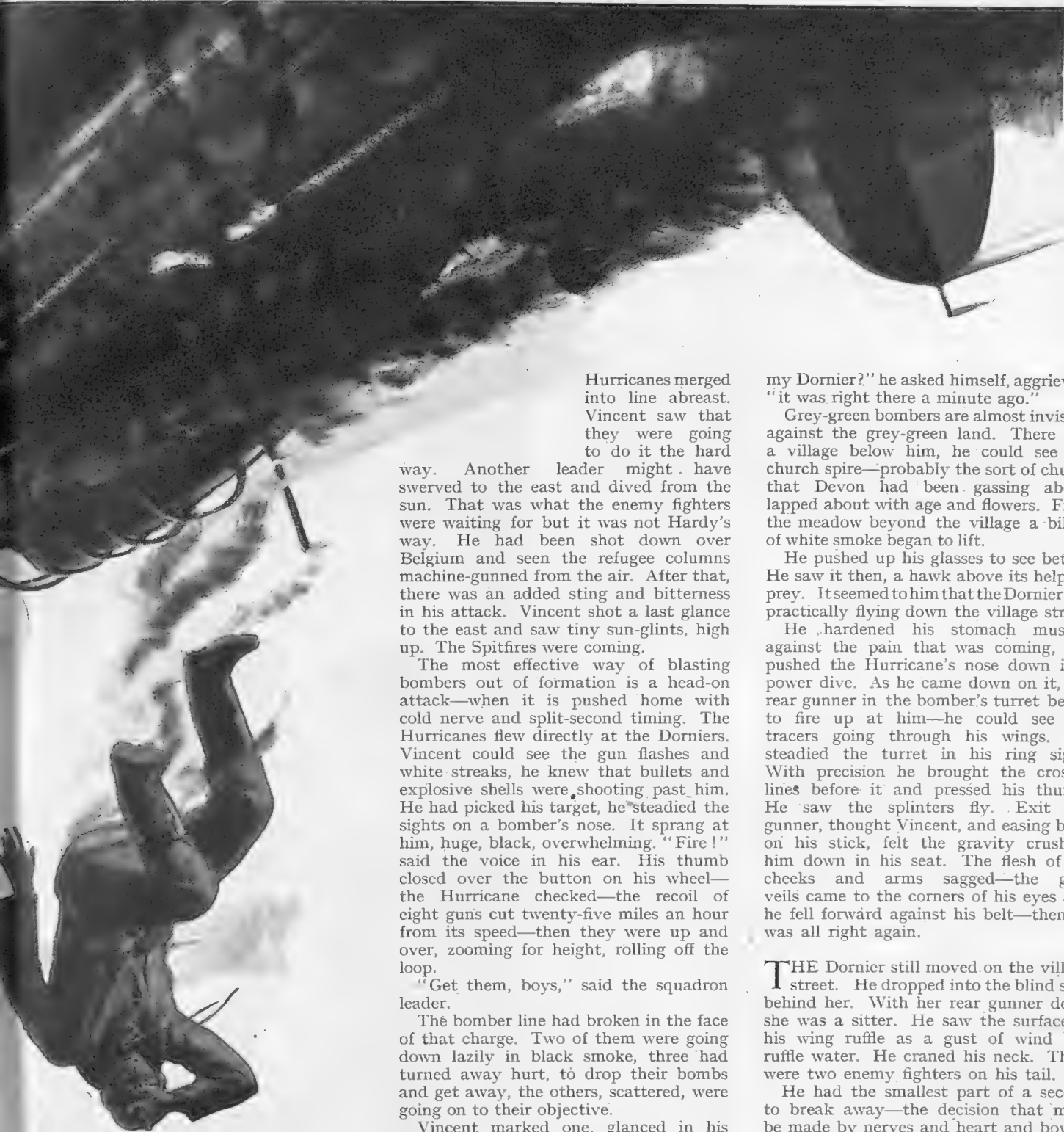
cockpits, fastened belts, connected radio phones and oxygen masks. The Hurricanes took off as they pointed, swerving abruptly to avoid collisions. The squadron was aloft in a matter of three minutes, the radio receivers chattered: "Number two, airborne—number three, airborne—"

The squadron leader's voice came through the pilots' phones.

"Enemy aircraft approaching from area AD. Climb to ten thousand. Your vector is 170."



*Illustrated by
Edward Osmond*



Half-paralysed, filled with streaks of fire and pain, the thought nagged at him: The rip cord. Pull the rip cord.

Vincent spotted them at once—a cluster of dots and above them smaller dots—bombers with a fighter escort. The dots grew rapidly larger. He saw that they were Dorniers, about fifteen of them and about thirty fighters. About the usual odds. A Spitfire squadron would be coming in from the east along the coast and another Hurricane squadron would be moving in behind them. Some of that escort appeared to be Messerschmitt 110's—a two-engine fighter armed with cannon—too many of them were poison. He narrowed his eyes at the empty eastern sky. "Come on, you Spitfires. Are we going to do all the work?"

At a word of command, the V's of the

Hurricanes merged into line abreast. Vincent saw that they were going to do it the hard way. Another leader might have swerved to the east and dived from the sun. That was what the enemy fighters were waiting for but it was not Hardy's way. He had been shot down over Belgium and seen the refugee columns machine-gunned from the air. After that, there was an added sting and bitterness in his attack. Vincent shot a last glance to the east and saw tiny sun-glints, high up. The Spitfires were coming.

The most effective way of blasting bombers out of formation is a head-on attack—when it is pushed home with cold nerve and split-second timing. The Hurricanes flew directly at the Dorniers. Vincent could see the gun flashes and white streaks, he knew that bullets and explosive shells were shooting past him. He had picked his target, he steadied the sights on a bomber's nose. It sprang at him, huge, black, overwhelming. "Fire!" said the voice in his ear. His thumb closed over the button on his wheel—the Hurricane checked—the recoil of eight guns cut twenty-five miles an hour from its speed—then they were up and over, zooming for height, rolling off the loop.

"Get them, boys," said the squadron leader.

The bomber line had broken in the face of that charge. Two of them were going down lazily in black smoke, three had turned away hurt, to drop their bombs and get away, the others, scattered, were going on to their objective.

Vincent marked one, glanced in his mirror to see if there was any one behind him and went down at four hundred miles an hour. He got in a short burst at a tail assembly, banked hard to the right. A Messerschmitt dived past him. The Messerschmitts had dived on the Hurricanes and the Spitfires had dived on the Messerschmitts. The air was a maelstrom of confusion, filled with planes, wreckage and the streaks of tracer bullets. An aircraft in flames fell past him, darkening the air with smoke. Let's get out of here, thought Vincent, and turning inside a looming shape, he shot upwards.

Levelled off, he looked quickly above him, then around and then below. The dog-fight had disappeared. To the south over the Channel he could see a whirl of sparkles, as if someone had tossed a handful of tinsel into the air. That was the Spitfires still tangling with the Messerschmitts. But he could see no Hurricanes and no bombers. "Where's

my Dornier?" he asked himself, aggrieved, "it was right there a minute ago."

Grey-green bombers are almost invisible against the grey-green land. There was a village below him, he could see the church spire—probably the sort of church that Devon had been gassing about, lapped about with age and flowers. From the meadow beyond the village a billow of white smoke began to lift.

He pushed up his glasses to see better. He saw it then, a hawk above its helpless prey. It seemed to him that the Dornier was practically flying down the village street.

He hardened his stomach muscles against the pain that was coming, and pushed the Hurricane's nose down in a power dive. As he came down on it, the rear gunner in the bomber's turret began to fire up at him—he could see the tracers going through his wings. He steadied the turret in his ring sight. With precision he brought the crossed lines before it and pressed his thumb. He saw the splinters fly. Exit one gunner, thought Vincent, and easing back on his stick, felt the gravity crushing him down in his seat. The flesh of his cheeks and arms sagged—the grey veils came to the corners of his eyes and he fell forward against his belt—then he was all right again.

THE Dornier still moved on the village street. He dropped into the blind spot behind her. With her rear gunner dead, she was a sitter. He saw the surface of his wing ruffle as a gust of wind will ruffle water. He craned his neck. There were two enemy fighters on his tail.

He had the smallest part of a second to break away—the decision that must be made by nerves and heart and bowels because the brain is too slow. Ahead of him, an enemy bomber looked down at the village spread soft and green beneath him, his hand on the bomb release. His squadron never talked about it much but there was a feeling that in those circumstances it was a good wheeze to stay in there and take a belt at the bomber. He flipped his aircraft up and down in evasive action and closed the Dornier. He gave it a burst at two hundred yards, a long one at a hundred. He saw the cabin splinter and tatter in the rain of steel and it lurched as if the pilot had fallen forward on the wheel. It fell, turning like an outstretched bird and no parachutes blossomed from it.

An explosive shell burst somewhere forward on the Hurricane. Dimly through the shock, he saw the engine cowlings dissolve, the flames shoot up, the oil gushing over the windscreen. He wound back the cockpit cover and the flames

were sweeping past him. He discovered that his left arm and shoulder were useless, fumbled free of his safety-belt with one good hand, tipped the aircraft over and fell out. There was something else to be done—through the confusion in his head, half-paralysed, filled with streaks of fire and pain—the thought nagged at him: The rip cord. Pull the rip cord.

HE lay in a pleasant cottage hospital in the depths of the country. He had been lucky—they had dug the steel splinters out of his shoulder before he regained consciousness. The burns on his body were more painful than anything that had happened to him before, but they were healing. His first question—the fighter's first question—had been for his eyes. His eyes were all right, they told him, he would be fit to fly and fight again.

The squadron leader had come to see him, to give him the news. His Dornier had crashed in a marsh, its bombs blowing a huge crater that had much impressed the villagers. He was certainly sure of free beers if he ever visited that village, said Hardy. He brought with him a letter on stiff official paper and a coat-of-arms, which began: "His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased—"

"You deserve it too, boy. A good show."

"Thanks . . . I'm sorry about Devon. Funny, the last thing I said to him was: 'Stay on my tail.'"

"He did just that—stayed there and picked off one of your Messerschmitts with another blasting him from behind. No one in the squadron, no one in the Force can do fairer than that. Well, Vince old boy, you're all set—a spot of leave, London, then back with us. We'll be glad to see you."

HE came up to London on the last day of his convalescent leave. He was eager to see the city again. He had done a bit of work, he had got in a good lick, he had earned a holiday. Now he was going to peer at rich things in shop windows, look at pretty women and listen to the bands play. All the things that go with London and leave.

He hung his new uniform in a hotel wardrobe. To-night he claimed the luxury of civilian clothes. No salutes, no saluting, no blinking brass hat would receive any attention from him—to-night he was out of the war. He dined leisurely in a famous restaurant. He did not feel alone. It was enough to be served with good food and good wine, to see new faces about him, especially the bright faces of girls.

He emerged into the blackout. That to him was still the most eerie experience of the war. In the canyons of the streets the darkness was solid; unconsciously he held out a hand in front of him. Around him unseen people walked with shuffling steps. He heard talk and laughter and the exclamations of collision. Above him he saw stars—a phenomenon that the war had brought London—and the tops of buildings were shadowy against the sky.

He walked on, entertained by the notion that he was walking in an invisible procession, then when he decided to return to his hotel, he walked a long way farther before he admitted he was lost. There were few people abroad now and no taxis. He stopped, he would find a policeman. A banshee began to howl.

A voice spoke unexpectedly at his elbow.

"Shelter a hundred yards down the street, this side. Move along, please."

The air raid warden went on unseen. Footsteps hurried past him and died away. He felt that he was standing alone in the street. He had never been in an air raid before. Once their aerodrome had been plastered by a Stuka which had come suddenly out of the clouds. Then no one had run to a shelter, they had excitedly run—cursing the Jerry's nerve—for their aircraft.

The banshee noise made his blood prickle. Under its wail there was building up a swelling grumble, the noise of the anti-aircraft batteries. A long way off, his ears picked out a sound he knew. WhoOOM, whoOOM, whoOOM, the sound of dis-synchronised motors.

There was another, nearer sound—the crackle of shell fragments falling on the roofs and street. He backed hastily into a doorway for he was bareheaded. A harsh brilliance leaped up at the end of a long vista of houses, throwing monstrous shadow shapes. Little black figures appeared, working with pygmy energy. They snuffed out the incendiaries and darted back from where they had come.

The sound made his heart leap into his throat. In the sky a giant had torn a sheet in two. The stunning crump of a high-explosive bomb followed. He felt the jar of it through his feet. The air eddied in the blast, the buildings seemed to sway. A red glow grew through the dust.

He stepped into the roadway—and jumped back. Something

hurtled past in the darkness with a clanging bell—a fire engine. He wished he had the nerve to drive like that without lights. The red glow grew bigger and fiercer—a swell mark for a bomber. He began to run down the street after the fire engine.

Soon he could walk in the light of the fire. On one side of the street a warehouse was blazing; on the other there had been a row of small houses—he checked, appalled at the destruction that had come upon them. Some had disappeared into dust that hung and swirled; some had been collapsed into rubble heaps by the suction of the air and the two end houses had been chopped in half. Bedrooms still furnished, but with the walls gone, overhanging the street. There was something pitiful in this disembowelment—these homes seemed to know that they had received a mortal wound. (Continued on page 65)



Old Tales Re-told

A Queen in "Battle-dress"

HISTORIANS are agreed that the strange enterprise of Eleanor of Aquitaine in the Holy Land was mere folly, due to the youthful exuberance of a queen who tried to emulate the daring exploits of Semiramis. They also record that she was the real cause of the failure of the gigantic expedition embarked upon by Louis VII. and his army. Not one, even out of motives of chivalry, has admitted any other cause, such as bad luck or bad organisation, to have been responsible for the defeat.

This princess of fifteen years of age was acknowledged to be the greatest beauty in France. Her grandfather had abdicated in her favour, intending to marry her to the heir to the French throne, and thus unite Aquitaine to France. This arrangement pleased everybody in both countries, and was also accepted enthusiastically by the youthful pair. Amid great pomp they were married and crowned Duke and Duchess of Aquitaine. Shortly afterwards, the good old King of France died, and his son, Louis VII., called "Le Gros" ("The Fat"), ascended the throne.

It was a great change for Eleanor, but did not please her

The Amazing Enterprise of Queen Eleanor, Mother of Richard the Lionheart

Written and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

as much as she had expected, for she had been brought up in Provence, and had been allowed unlimited freedom, which suited her light-hearted temperament to perfection. Her education had been most thorough. Her artistic taste had been well cultivated, and she was a fine musician, as well as a composer of clever ballads. Contemporary troubadours sang her songs. Her intellectual accomplishments placed her far above the ordinary level attained by the aristocratic woman of the time.

The position that she acquired with marriage had, however, its drawbacks. The Court of France in the twelfth century was far from being the centre of gay festivities and libertinage which it became in later years. The King, like his late father, was very religious, and the life at Court was moulded on the rigid rules of St. Bernard, who had turned the royal palace almost into a monastery. Eleanor found it exasperatingly dull, and her spontaneous and demonstrative nature was in constant collision with the austerity which prevailed. Fortunately for her, however, the young King was madly in love with her, and could deny her nothing. Her sister Petronilla,

The courtyard of the Palace became the scene of riding exercises, to the amazement and amusement of the citizens





When the imposing cavalcade, led by the Queen, reached the battlefield, the dust was already settling down on the scattered bodies of dead infidels

young and beautiful as herself, came to stay at Court, and between them they livened things up a bit. Music, songs and dances broke the silence of the palace. Youthful gatherings and the bright array of rich apparel filled the gardens and precincts. Such innovations did not, of course, pass without criticism, and it was not long before the word "licentiousness" was being used unsparingly by opponents of the new régime.

THE expedition to the Holy Land resulted from a chain of circumstances that began with an adventure of

Petronilla's. The young Princess, second only to her sister in vitality and attraction, was sought in marriage by many worthy young knight's. She chose, however, to enter into a liaison with a man already married, Count Rudolf of Vermandois, who was so infatuated with her that he divorced his wife for no valid reason and married Petronilla. The Count of Champagne, brother of the wronged Countess, appealed to the Pope, and obtained an annulment of the second marriage, together with a Papal order to the Count to reinstate his legal wife. This affront to Petronilla's dignity incensed the Queen so much that she swore revenge on the

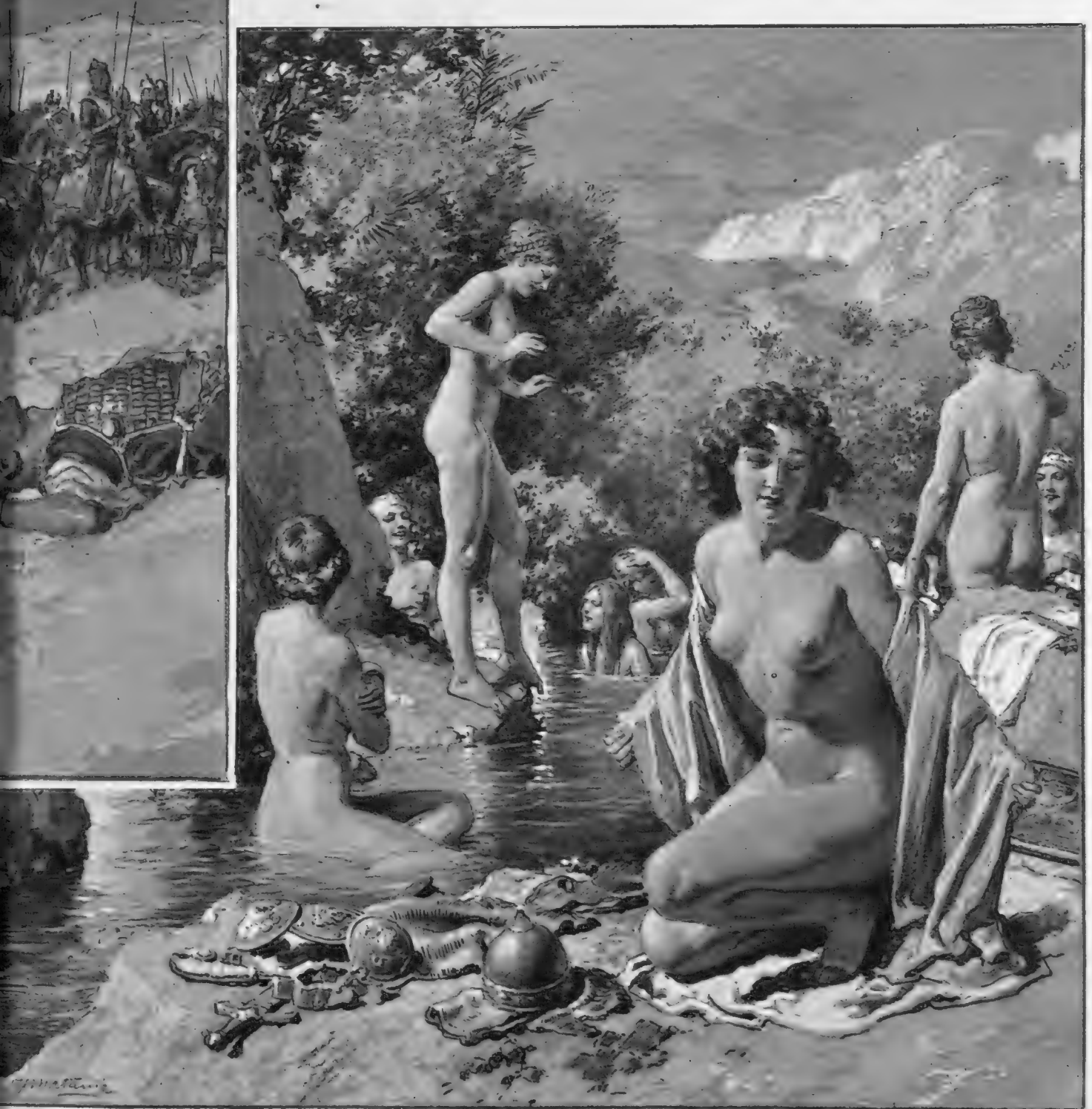
interfering Count of Champagne, and so great was her influence over the King that she made him commit what Strickland calls "the only act of wilful injustice that stains the annals of his reign." This was no less than waging war against the whole territory of Champagne. Partly because he disliked the Count, but mainly because he would not disappoint Eleanor, he put himself at the head of an army and laid waste the country. Confronted by the defence of the town of Vitry, he decided to take the place by storm. So many burning distaffs were fired by his bowmen that the cathedral caught fire, and burned like

a haystack. Entering the subdued city later, he found that some thirteen hundred people who had taken refuge in the cathedral had been burned to death. Horrified, he put a stop to all further offensive action and gave himself up to the miseries of remorse. There was no way of mending the irreparable, however, so he sought some other means of atonement.

At last the opportunity came. At this time St Bernard, with his oratorical genius, was preaching the resumption of the Holy War to free Jerusalem from the Infidels. The whole country was fired by the idea of completing the work commenced by Peter the Hermit. The words "*Dieu le veut*" spread everywhere, inflaming religious feeling like the wind on a prairie fire. King Louis was eager to do something spectacular and noble so as to relieve his conscience from the nightmare of Vitry, and also redeem his reputation in the eyes of his subjects. What could be better than leading an

army to liberate the Holy Sepulchre? The plan was discussed by the King and his knights and barons, but not all were in favour of it. Abbot Suger, who had given ample proof of his wisdom during the reign of the preceding king, was strongly opposed to what he called a "mad enterprise." But Queen Eleanor was enthusiastic about the Crusade. Her ardent nature needed action and excitement. She conceived the bold idea of accompanying her husband, not merely as his wifely companion, but as a warrior herself, a Queen Crusader, fully armed, waving the banner with the Cross at the head of a company of young women equally bold, and equally ready to give their lives, if need be, for the great cause.

It is difficult to imagine the daring needed for a woman to propose such a thing at that time, when feminine freedom was at its lowest level. In the twelfth century, women were bound hand and foot by bonds of



They freed their hot, chafed bodies from breastplates and chain mail, and plunged into the cool water

convention and prejudice. Habits and customs prevailing then would seem utterly incredible when viewed by present-day standards. There had been no recent examples of female warriors, and few people were acquainted with the legendary Amazons, the deeds of Semiramis, or the exploits of Zenobia. Therefore Eleanor's plan seemed so fantastic that it was treated at first as lunacy. However, the King was finally persuaded in its favour, as he was unable to refuse his wife anything.

AT Vezalai an imposing ceremony took place. St. Bernard presented the Crosses to the royal pair and their followers. Such official recognition, coming from the Pope's representative, was sufficient to spur Queen Eleanor into organising her company of Amazons. From that day, all her energies were devoted to recruiting girls and preparing their equipment. The courtyard of the palace and the royal parks became the scene of riding exercises, to the amazement and amusement of the citizens. Whenever the company appeared, armed and accoutred with breastplates, shields, coats of mail and helmets, beneath which escaped flowing hair, the satirical humour of the French found an instant target.

The members of this fantastic pageant were teased unmercifully, including even Queen Eleanor, who had originated what historians named "the insane idea." This criticism, however, could not damp the ardent spirits of the Amazons. On the contrary, Eleanor struck back by ordering her company to send their discarded distaffs to their menfolk who had preferred to stay at home. The effect of this slap in the face was most marked. The men changed their minds, and thousands enrolled in the expeditionary force. According to St. Bernard's description, castles and villages were completely deserted by their male inhabitants, and agricultural work was left to the women and children.

About 100,000 strong, the French army set out for Jerusalem. In the midst of it rode the company of Amazons, under the Queen's command. They arrived at their destination without much difficulty, despite the absurd amount of baggage that the female warriors insisted on taking with them. It seems that, despite their bellicose intentions, they were not prepared to renounce the luxuries of their usual elaborate toilet.

But although the transport of all this luggage had gone smoothly enough through friendly countries, it was not so when they reached the fighting zone. Louis decided that a detachment of his best troops had better escort the mounted beauty chorus, whose appearance would have turned the head of Scipio himself, and Count Maurienne was given the privilege of leading this escort. The task was not easy, for the Queen had her own ideas about things, and these were seldom in accordance with those of the King and his military advisers. King Louis himself was faced with the problem of trying to content his beloved Eleanor and at the same time saving her from exposing herself to real danger. They were to fight Turks and Arabs, both ruthless warriors, marvellous horsemen, and well used to the country and climate.

Louis had set foot in Asia Minor full of confidence, because he had been preceded by a German army, also 100,000 strong, which he hoped would have already done much good work. Instead, he found that the Germans had been defeated and dispersed, and their King Conrad, badly wounded, was already on his way back to Constantinople. When the French army reached the River Meandre, they met the first contingent of Turks. The ensuing encounter was so sudden and so violent that it was all over before the excited Amazons could take any part in it. The impetuous charge of the French vanguard had dispersed the enemy so successfully that when the imposing cavalcade, led by the Queen, reached the battlefield, the dust was already down on the scattered bodies of dead infidels. It

was a French victory, and although the rosy cheeks of some of the girls had paled at the gruesome spectacle of the battlefield, they rode on even more erect and proud than those who were responsible for it.

ENCOURAGED by this brilliant beginning, the French marched through Pisidia. At Laodicea, Louis ordered that a safe encampment should be built for his feminine warriors on a hilltop overlooking the surrounding valleys. From thence they could survey any movement of hostile troops. In the meantime he would bring up the main army and the baggage train, still toiling along five miles in the (Continued on page 53)



Louis, isolated from the rest, had to climb a tree and defend himself by slashing at those who tried to reach him



She leaned forward, "Tell me, this Battle of the Atlantic—it cannot be won by Germany—no?"

Guest Writer

*Even the Experts in the Spy World
are not always up to date*

By Arthur Mills

IN Berlin a grim old man sat in a room in the German Intelligence Department. While awaiting a telephone call he looked through the latest editions of the foreign Press. By comparing accounts from London correspondents of foreign papers, he was able to get a picture of conditions in Britain. All the correspondents used the word "consternation." Consternation at the fall of Singapore; consternation about the threat to Australia. Colonel Nicolai was not misled by this; he remembered the collapse of France, the rout at Dunkirk, the massed raids on British cities. According to foreign correspondents there had been "consternation" then; but according to Colonel Nicolai's private sources of information the thing that had most affected British morale during the past two and a half years was a persistent east wind, which had been blowing for six weeks since the beginning of January, 1942.

The colonel considered the British character, as a whole, and shook his head. What was one to make of a country

whose armament firms sold materials to Germany in peace time which they knew would be used for bombs to be dropped on their own heads, and whose Government did nothing to stop the traffic! Whose people assented to alliances with countries and then played football when they were appealed to for help. And who, when they appeared hopelessly beaten in consequence of their conduct, went on fighting Germany alone. Mad, of course! They did not deserve their superb Intelligence Service; they didn't know how to make use of it. Now the German Government were quite different. When they had a good Intelligence man they took his advice. The telephone rang; Colonel Nicolai listened: "At the Adlon, yes," he said, then the old Prussian got up, straightened his back, and stalked out of the room.

Later he sat in the lounge of the Adlon talking to a young Swedish woman writer, who had a Press assignment in England. The girl was nervous, for she knew the German authorities might withhold

permission for her to cross Germany, and so reach England via France and Spain. She had been offered conditions under which a visa would readily be granted.

Colonel Nicolai knew all about this; his bureau in Stockholm had reported it would be quite useless to approach Miss Charlotte Larsen to act as a German agent. He regretted this, for he was a great judge of the right time and place to employ an agent and this was a unique opportunity. The colonel was too old now to adapt himself to all the conditions of modern war; he had lived in the days when train watchers were employed to report enemy concentrations; when prepared espionage organisations could be used behind enemy static lines; in these days he had made his name. In his twilight years he was still employed chiefly because he had retained his wonderful foresight.

This foresight was at work while he talked to Miss Larsen. After a few questions he could see that the report from the bureau in Stockholm was correct. The girl was unapproachable. Having dismissed from his mind the thought of using her he put one or two questions.

Had she been to England before?

No. Then where had she learnt English?

She had learnt English in America. And did she know many people in

England? The fraulein knew nobody; not even the personnel of her own Embassy; she had been abroad for some years; in America she had stayed quietly with friends and met few people; she had only lately come back to her native country. It was clear that she liked the Americans very much. In fact, Colónel Nicolai realised that any help she gave to either side would not be to Germany. Now she wanted to pass through Germany!

The old colonel sipped his beer, puffed at a cigar and considered what to do. After a few moments he said: "Well, Miss Larsen, if you don't mind waiting a day or two, I think we can arrange what you want. You are staying at this hotel, I believe?"

Miss Larsen said that was so.

The colonel stroked his bony chin. "You may see a certain amount while you are in Germany; we shall require your written undertaking that you will do nothing to help our enemies while you are in Britain."

Miss Larsen agreed to this: "I'm a neutral," she said.

The colonel got up and bowed. "We shall be meeting again I hope; to get back you will have to pass through Germany."

WILBUR HALL came back to his hotel after a day of conferences; he collected his key at the desk and took the lift to the third floor, where a bedroom, sitting-room, and bath had been reserved. As he opened the door of his sitting-room a tall, good-looking, fair girl got up from a chair in front of the fire. He stared at her and then at the brown leather case on the table.

"Hallo! what do you want?" he said.

"Are you ready now, sir?" the girl asked.

"Ready for what?" Wilbur Hall took off his overcoat.

"You sent for a manicurist."

This time he was sure her English was imperfect. "I think there has been a mistake;" he crossed to the house telephone. "I'll find out about this."

"You needn't," the girl said. "I'm not a manicurist, I'm from a newspaper."

A twinkle came into Wilbur Hall's eyes. "Well, I can give you a drink; that's all. What'll it be," he lifted the telephone.

"Vodka, please."

"Vodka, if you have got it and a whisky and soda," Hall ordered. "Are you Russian?"

"No, I'm a Swede," the girl opened her purse and took out a card. "That's my paper."

Hall read the name of the paper and the London office address.

"I have been sent over as a guest writer to tell people in my country about conditions in England," the girl explained.

"Well, I'm not a British subject; I'm an American," Hall said. "And, anyway, I'm seeing the Press to-morrow, here in this room; didn't they send that round to you?"

"That's how I knew where to come," the girl said.

The waiter came in with the tray, he



set it on the table beside the manicure case, leered at Wilbur Hall and withdrew. Hall asked: "What's that stuff like," as the girl lifted the glass.

"Good," she said, draining it at a gulp.

"Is that the way you drink it." Hall mixed his whisky and soda; he looked again at the card she have given him.

CHARLOTTE LARSEN

The name of her paper was printed below.

"So you are over here as a guest writer. You look young to be in your job."

"So do you. How many ships do you have?"

"Quite a few," said the chairman of the Hall line.

"But they sink them, now that America is in the war?"

"Yes, and we build more." He saw her look at the empty vodka glass. "They brought me a bottle," he said, pointing to the tray. "Can you use that stuff?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'll get a glass." He went through to the bathroom. He came back with a tumbler and poured her a drink. "That was a smart way you got in," he said.

"You have to think of things if you are a journalist," Miss Larsen said.

"I suppose you do. Well, what do you make of things? They've knocked poor old London about."

"You may see a certain amount while you are in Germany; we shall require your written undertaking that you will do nothing to help our enemies while you are in Britain."

Miss Larsen looked angry. "Those Germans! I hate them after what I have seen them do."

"Some of our boys feel that way too." Wilbur Hall poured himself another drink.

"Your big bombers—what do you call them—flying forts—will they attack Berlin?"

"I wouldn't know about that," Hall said.

She leaned forward. "Tell me, this Battle of the Atlantic—it cannot be won by Germany—no?"

"I'll be talking for the record to-morrow." Wilbur Hall put his hand inside the jacket of his lounge suit, pulled at something, and brought out a red cloth engagement book; he turned over a few pages. "I'm seeing the Press at ten; will you be coming?"

She laughed: "Perhaps, but my paper will be pleased that I am the first journalist to interview you."

"This isn't an interview." Hall replaced his engagement book, fumbling inside his jacket again.

"What is that you do?"

"I am pulling my zip fastener to close



Illustrated by W. Smithson-Broadhead

the pocket; prevents things from falling out."

"Or being taken out!"

"That too," he agreed.

"Do you have zip fasteners in all your jackets?"

"No, only in my day suits."

"May I see how it works," she came close to him; she was nearly as tall as he was.

"Quite easy," he opened his jacket and pulled the zip back.

"I want to do it," she put her hand inside his jacket.

After she had worked the zip he made sure the engagement book was there when she removed her hand. She laughed as she saw him feel if the book was there. "Are you afraid I take it?"

"It wouldn't matter if you did," he drew back the zip fastener, took out the engagement book and handed it to her. "You can look if you like; there is nothing in it but a few names and dates."

She looked at a page or two and saw it was as he said. Then she took a pencil from the side of the little book, wrote, and handed the book back.

Wilbur Hall read aloud what she had written. "Take Miss Larsen out to dinner." She had put it down as his engagement for that evening.

He laughed. "How do you know I'm free?"

"You have no engagement down for to-night," she said. "Listen;" she came close to him again. "I know somewhere very nice—a quiet little place with a good band. We can dance."

He believed she was trying to get in first with an interview, but the suggestion appealed to him; he wanted to see how the English played in wartime and play a little himself.

"All right," he said; "do we dress?"

"No; we go like we are; it is just a little place and nobody dresses now."

That was all right then, Wilbur Hall

thought. "I have a few letters to write. What time shall we meet?" he asked.

"I also must send a story to my paper," Charlotte Larsen said. "I shall not be free until half-past eight. Shall we meet there at that time? I will write down the address."

"Fine." Hall got her a bit of paper and pencil. "Leave me out of your Press cable till to-morrow," he said, as the girl walked towards the door.

She turned round. "May I just say that you have arrived?"

"You can say that, but not that I have given you an interview."

"You haven't given me an interview; you are taking me out to dinner. Till this evening at eight-thirty," she opened the door, waved her hand and passed out of the room.

When he was alone Hall picked up the telephone and asked for a number. "Is that you, Steve," he asked, when he was connected. "I say, Steve, you take care of the Press correspondents, don't you? Do you know anything about a Miss Charlotte Larsen. Swedish correspondent of —" he gave the name of her paper. "Thanks; all right, I'll stay by the phone."

A few minutes later Hall's phone rang; Steve was at the other end. He said that Charlotte Larsen was the guest writer of the paper mentioned; she had come over for a month and was properly accredited. She had travelled via Germany, France, Spain and Lisbon; that was the only way she could come unless she flew the North Sea. The British authorities gave her paper a clean slate; they had, in fact, invited the paper to send somebody. It was con-

sidered good policy to let neutral countries learn through their own writers how Britain was taking things in the third year of the war. What was that? She looked very young for her job. Oh, you're taking her out dancing this evening! Well, your time is your own. Where are you going?" Hall gave the name of the place. "That's all right; a lot of people go there. Have a good time and don't get doll dizzy—I said doll dizzy. 'Bye. See you in the morning. Hallo. I can't hear you. You're single. I know. What's that to me?"

While Wilbur Hall was telephoning Charlotte Larsen filed her story for her paper. She waited till it had been passed by the censor then she went to her flat, had a bath, and changed into a wool stockingette frock that fitted her really well. After that she had a few cocktails and at eight-thirty she was in the lounge of the restaurant, waiting.

Picking up the smell of the scent when he was a few feet from the Swedish girl, Wilbur Hall knew just what Steve meant by doll dizzy. She looked all right; no wonder others from her country were doing well in Hollywood. These Swedes weren't bad. He hadn't any doubts what she wanted. A good journalist always tried for personal contact.

Sliding into a chair alongside Charlotte Larsen, Hall asked: "What's it going to be, vodka again?" (Continued on page 57)



They were all but cut in halves by a hurrying destroyer—British

FISH for breakfast, one recent morning, was a novelty, and I enjoyed it.

"A terrible price," complained my wife. I jarred a tooth on a bone. At least I thought it a bone for a moment, but closer examination revealed a bomb splinter. Only the tiniest sliver of metal, but—it explained the price of fish. I went to an East Coast port to make further inquiries. The *Lochallen* came in whilst I was there, and I found myself celebrating with old friends.

It was some weeks ago, naturally. I've made a trawling trip since then. The *Lochallen* was more like an iceberg than a well-kept trawler as she tied up at the fish quay. Ice smothered her. It hung to the water's edge as she heeled to the 'scend of the making tide. Steam had been employed to melt out her Lewis guns and keep them ready for immediate action. The twelve pounder aft was also clear. There was a neat pile of used cartridge cases near the Lewis guns.

The PRICE of FISH

With the Trawlers and the Dangers They Encounter

By Frank H. Shaw

"Certainly—come a trip with us," invited Skipper Sayers. "Hell for pleasure, they do say. Give us thirty-six hours to thaw out and find spare hands."

"We're pretty sure we got Jerry," said Skipper Sayers, indicating the used ammunition with a

broad thumb. "Half an hour after dawn this identical morning. He went down behind the fog, but he smoked a lot."

There was clicking ice on the skipper's oilskin smock to prove the rigours recently endured.

"A good catch?" I asked.

"Maybe twenty-five ton of fish. Good stuff, cod mostly. Another Hun second day out—one of their F.W.s. He pretty nigh spitchered us, would have if Percy hadn't shot straight, and him cut up with splinters at that. Three cases of frost-bite, and two wounded. We lost Fred." I had thought the half-masted ensign aft meant simply

Sayers was certain his Lewis guns had scored a hit, although the Ju 88 didn't crash in his sight



The dinghy, when retrieved, held only two German airmen—both of them frozen to death

careless hoisting on the part of the crew.

"How?" I asked.

"There were two airmen in a rubber dinghy; frozen. Our chaps. Fred went off to get 'em alongside; the boat was in splinters, so Fred hitched a rope round his belly and started to swim. Cold and all as it was! Then that—F.W. came at us. It dropped a bomb and that was the finish of Fred and the airmen. Look ye here, sir." He drew my attention to ugly holes in the bulwarks. "Best mate I ever sailed with," he mourned. "Fred won't be matched easily. He knew fish inside out."

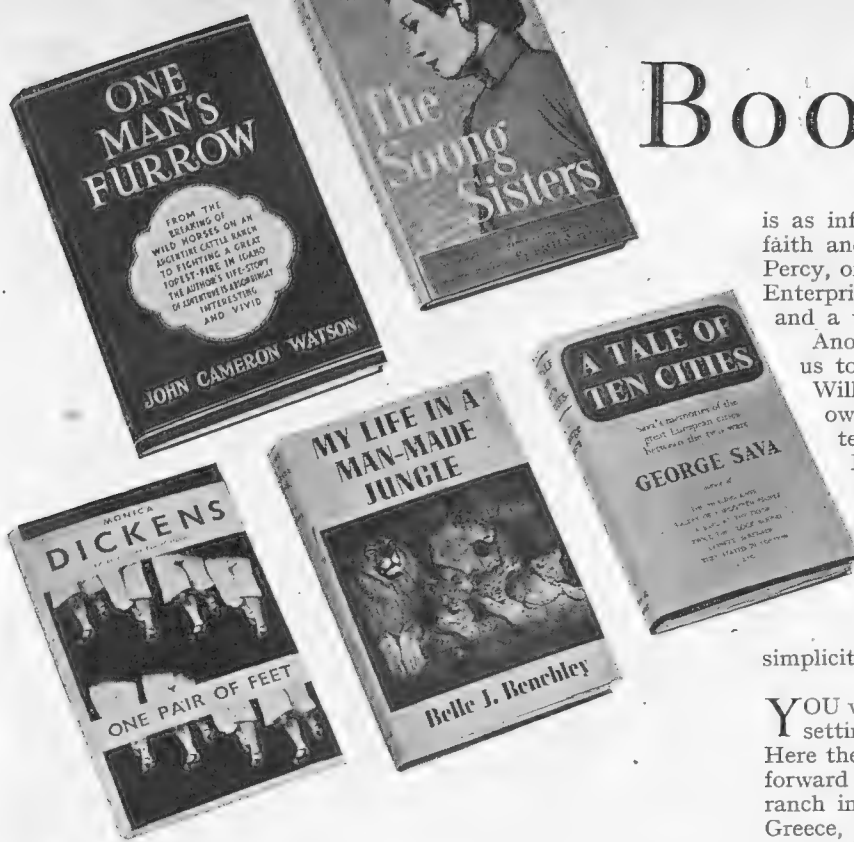
"You've had a thin time," I commiserated.

"Fair to middling—none so bad as some trips. We lost one trawl—fouled a sunk ship, one we didn't know of. We sat down on a loose mine, too—but it only shook us."

I remembered my wife's complaint about the high (Continued on page 54)



Books: *Reviewed by* Noel Thompson



THIS month's books have a tone of toughness and vigour which is refreshing. It may be that the economical use of paper and type gives an unwonted appearance of sturdiness, but whatever it is, I approve in general both treatment and choice of subject.

Take, for instance, "Red Ensign, White Ensign," by W. Townend (Chapman & Hall, 9s.). Here is a tale of good live people, of the British Merchant Service, in peace and in war linked by a credible and interesting plot. The background of the sea, as you would expect of the author, is not only accurate and interesting, but sufficiently under dramatised to be dramatic to the landlubber. The conversion of a pro-German ship's engineer by force of circumstances to other views; his experiences aboard the notorious *Altmark*, and later on a merchant cruiser which goes down fighting to the last to defend a convoy, have the authentic ring. And so does the love story which runs through it, with a host of minor characters always fitting into their correct place.

It is a long way to jump back from modern war to Guy Fawkes's Day at the beginning of the seventeenth century. I have little to find fault with in "Crimson Sunrise" (Stanley Paul, 9s. 6d.) except for the glaring error in the blurb on the cover which talks of the plotting to blow up the Houses of Parliament which took place in New York (*sic*)! However, the City of York will doubtless overlook this slur on the birthplace of a son of which it is not particularly proud.

Florence Bone tells of the family, the birth, the youth, and the upbringing and surroundings of the notorious Fawkes, and makes of him and his fellow plotters a cohesive picture which

is as informative as it is interesting. The battle of the old faith and the new, of the zealot Catesby, and the daredevil Percy, of the easily led Fawkes, of the whole planning of "The Enterprise"—and its discovery—are told with an easy pen and a wealth of descriptive detail.

Another six hundred-odd years back in our history takes us to Saxon times, which as portrayed skilfully by Patry Williams, have a number of curious parallels with our own times. "God's Warrior" (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.) tells first of the reign of King Athelstan and then of King Edgar, about both of whom I must confess to almost complete ignorance before. But Patry Williams makes both them and their times live. He tells of the struggles of the church, led by Archbishop Dunstan, of the problems and battles of the kings, of their wives and families, their nobles, and their poor, of the great towns and of the humble war-wracked countryside. There is a vigour, a simplicity and a clarity about it all which makes for artistry.

YOU will find the same qualities, though with a very different setting, in "One Man's Furrow" (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.). Here the author, John Cameron Watson, tells in good straightforward language his own story, a story of tough living on a ranch in the Argentine, of the 1914-18 war (very briefly), of Greece, of the lumber woods of Canada and the oil wells of America. He has lived a man's life from the age of eighteen without ever becoming tainted with the view that nothing is good unless it is tough. Further he never allows the sordid to intrude, a pleasant change from some books I could name. Watson has had adventures and sufficient experiences to need no inventive genius to garnish the tale, nor does romance slow it up.

Monica Dickens, having written "One Pair of Hands," based on her experiences as a cook-general, follows up with "One Pair of Feet" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). And therein lies my chief criticism. I feel that she said to herself: "What shall I write now? I'll be a nurse and write about that"—and that is exactly what she has done. But that is not the spirit in which to approach nursing. Nor, from the point of view of writing, is it wise for her to have spent her year nursing with one eye always open for points she could make in her forthcoming book. Surely in a year in hospital she must have found some nice nurses or sisters? I know most matrons are terrors, that hospitals are a mass of rules and old-fashioned regulations and that nurses' food is often a scandal, for only recently I have had only too long a period to study these questions at close quarters and to talk with nurses. Basically, then, this book is accurate and intrinsically it is amusing. Perhaps Miss Dickens has overdone her picture. Certainly you begin by sympathising, and end by feeling she deserved what was coming to her. The book is never dull and has some first-class descriptive passages in it as well as characterisation.

If Miss Dickens manages to improve the conditions under which nurses work by writing "One Pair of Feet" I will raise my hat and cheer. And now I (Continued on page 50)

A Wonderful Trio

I FIND it hard to imagine any type of person who would not be interested in "The Soong Sisters" (Robert Hale, 15s.). No three sisters in the twentieth century have been so much in the limelight of late, or have played such an important part in the building up of a mighty country, as Mesdames Kung, Sun Yat Sen, and Chiang Kai Shek. In fact, history must have few parallels for such a trio born at a time when in their own country woman's part in the world was a very minor one, and yet they rose to be the wives of the greatest financier, the greatest politician and the greatest leader and general.

Emily Hahn has the advantage of knowing the three sisters personally. She tells first of their father, a great character. Charlie Soong, and their mother, both early Chinese Christians. She shows their earliest upbringing, family life, training, education in America, return to their own country, and finally their marriages, with the adventures which they underwent with their husbands. And what a pretty ring their names have, Eling, Chingling, and Mayling! Their characters are fully developed stage by stage with plenty of intimate anecdotes.

At a time when China is playing such a great part in the world struggle, no one can learn too much about its recent history, its problems and its leaders. I grade this book highly.



Private Amadu Frafra

Obeys Orders

By Gun Buster

IT was on a fine sunny morning in the spring of 1939 that Amadu Frafra booked himself a front seat in the world war. But he did not know it at the time. He had wandered all the way down the Tamale-Kumasi road and, with nothing better to do, was now lounging around the Kumasi barracks square, between the European and Native quarters of the town. In the bright sunshine the drill ground presented an attractive picture with its red laterite surface, like a huge hard tennis court, its fringe of flame-of-the-forest trees with their green feathery foliage, and the whitewashed barrack buildings on the opposite side. But Amadu Frafra's interest lay not in the picturesque. What he found really worthy of his attention were the squads of native soldiers who, when shouted at by the drill sergeant, all suddenly moved in the same direction at the same time, or came to a halt like one man, or sloped their rifles over their shoulders with a unanimity so unnatural to Amadu that he found it irresistibly comic to watch. Amadu peeled another tooth-stick and settled down to enjoy this excellent show while he leisurely polished his teeth.

He was a well-built coal-black youth of about twenty-three, barefooted and clad in a loin-cloth. Parts of his skull had been shaven in such a way as to leave his short frizzy hair in the shape of a scorpion. Of this decoration he was inordinately proud. On each of his cheekbones he bore the broad tribal markings that had been cut in his flesh at birth. He had wandered down to Kumasi from a bush village in the Northern Territories, begging his food day by day at the little native farms where, according to custom, he was always welcome to eat as much as he could, but not allowed to take any away. He was happy because he had nothing to do and nowhere to go.

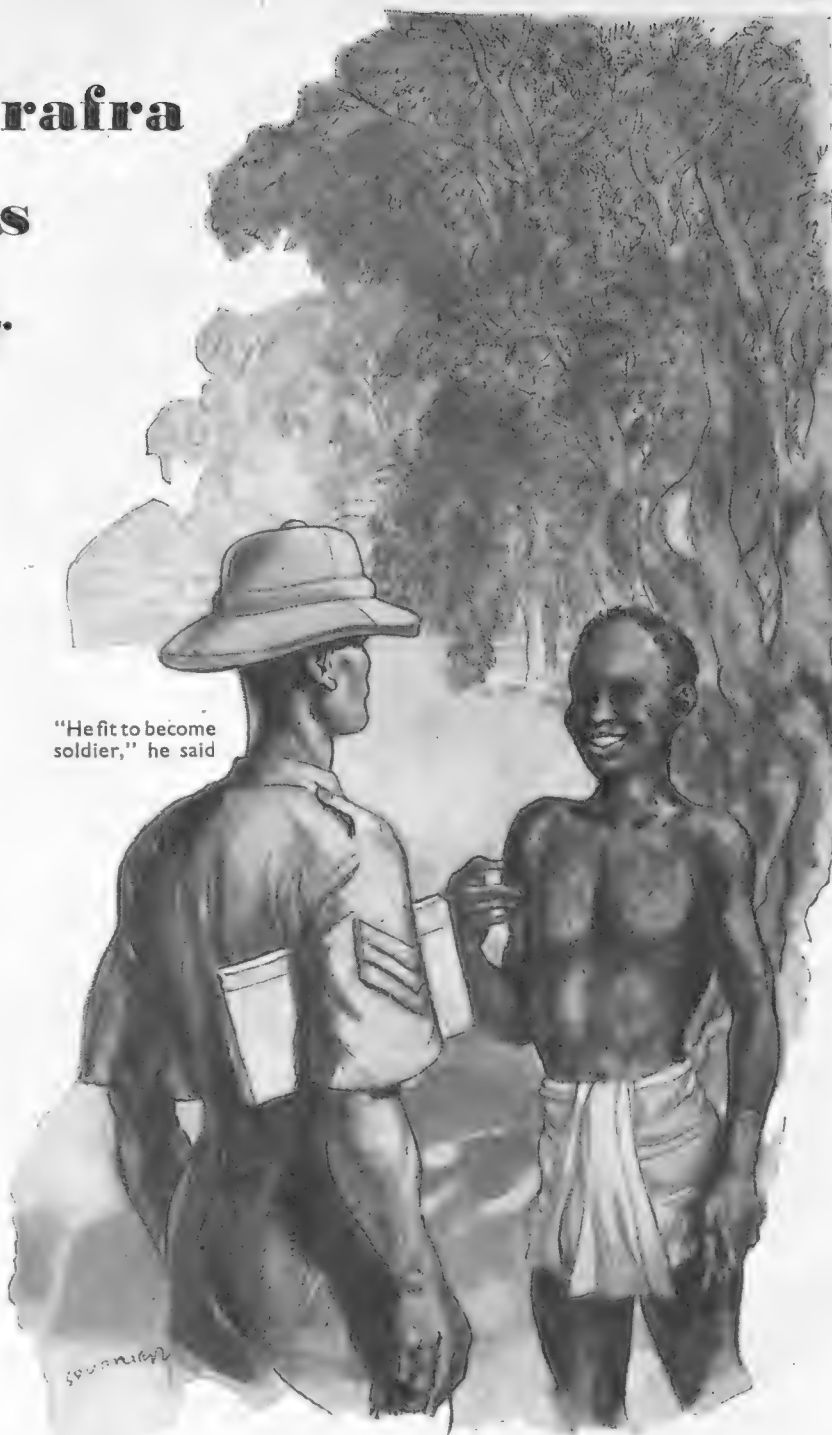
Two hours passed and Amadu Frafra was more absorbed than ever by the amusing doings on the parade ground. Nothing escaped his big eyes. He had thrown away his tooth-stick, and his magnificent teeth glistened in the sun as he continually spread his mouth in a wide grin. He seemed to be enjoying some huge joke with himself. He also seemed to be on the lookout for something. A little later he saw what he wanted. A white sergeant appeared from one of the barrack buildings and crossed the parade ground. Amadu walked up to him, his grin more expansive than ever.

"He fit to become soldier," he said. By "he" Amadu meant himself.

THE sergeant took him in from head to foot, with one quick skilled glance, and agreed with Amadu's diagnosis. Those were the days when the regiment was free to pick and choose; and the sergeant preferred his raw material to come from the tribes north of the Volta River. He nodded amiably. Amadu's eyes rolled, and his teeth flashed in delight.

They encased Amadu's big feet in a pair of barge-toed boots. They gave him a khaki slouched hat, a pair of khaki-drill long shorts which came below the knee, like Victorian drawers minus the torchon, and a round-necked, collarless blouse of the same material, which hung like a shirt outside his shorts. Thus equipped he appeared next day in one of the squads on the red barrack square, for instruction in the art of forming threes and sloping arms automatically, the instant the native drill sergeant barked, even though his thoughts were wandering elsewhere.

He became very adept at this and was soon passed from the awkward squad to the company. By this time he was no longer seized with an uncontrollable desire to burst into laughter whenever he saw a platoon or section "present arms," and all smack the sides of their rifles at the same moment. Instead, it became a matter of pride to him that his own smack was never



"He fit to become soldier," he said

half a second too early or too late. He was, in fact, no longer plain Amadu Frafra but Private Amadu Frafra, of the Gold Coast Regiment.

The white sergeant kept a friendly eye on Amadu, and had no reason to regret his judgment. Amadu showed himself good military material—smart, intelligent, eager to obey orders. Therefore, in the course of time, when another Bren-gun crew was being formed, Private Amadu Frafra was selected; and selected not to be a mere ammunition number but the No. One himself, with the duty of firing the gun. His pride in his new status became overweening. The Bren-gun itself might have been a personal gift bestowed on him by the British King. Whenever he considered his gun numbers were encroaching on his prerogatives he brushed them aside with the remark: "You no savvy like me. I fit to be Number One Bren gunner."

Later on there was Bren-gun practice on the range just the other side of the golf course. Amadu learned to "typewrite."

Tat . . . tat tat . . . tat tat tat. . . And then followed bursts of fire, ten rounds at a time, or so, which was what Amadu enjoyed most.

The white sergeant watched Amadu's progress with a friendly but critical eye.

"Now listen to me," he said at last. "I see what your trouble is. You're in too much of a hurry to press that trigger. You've got to learn to take your time. Wait till the enemy's well in range. Savvy?"

Whereupon Amadu rolled his eyes and grinned in assent whether he understood it all or not.

Then came the war, and Private Amadu Frafra and his fellows learned they were going to fight Hitler's friend, Mussolini, the Italian, in Abyssinia. They would have preferred it to be Hitler direct, because most of them knew he had referred to them in a book as "niggers"—and they strongly objected to the term. "Negroes" they thought bad enough. Generically, they preferred to be called Africans. Or if that seemed a bit too presumptuous, they would be content with "West Africans."

The white sergeant, passing Amadu on the barrack square one morning, stopped and said in pidgin English:

"How you like going in big fight, Amadu?"

The superb white teeth flashed in the sunshine.

"Me no fear," was the reply. "If my time catch, ah, well, it be god palaver."

"That's the idea," said the sergeant, patting him approvingly on the shoulder, as he passed on.

Soon the regiment went down to Accra and travelled by train along the coast to the port of Takoradi. Here a big liner was ready to take them to the other side of Africa. Most of them had never seen such a ship before. Amadu was one of them. But he had to uphold his reputation as No. One Bren-gunner with much "savvy." While the other natives stared and



Staring fixedly at them along his gun sight Amadu could see nothing except four black sockets

wondered. Amadu briefly explained the whole matter.

"This ship, he all same like motor car," he said. "He fit to go front; he fit to go back."

On the voyage out the Bren-gunners resumed their interrupted training. One morning they squatted on the deck round a blackboard on which the white sergeant

was drawing with a bit of chalk. When he had finished he stood aside and revealed a strange hooded-looking monster.

"Never seen anything like that before, have you?" he said. "Well, there's lots of things in this war you haven't seen—not as yet. That's what we call an armoured car. You'll be running up against them most likely. But you've no need to be scared. They can't hurt you. Not-if-you-do-exactly-what-I'm-going-to-tell-you."

Then the sergeant with the aid of more diagrams on the blackboard explained patiently and minutely the most vulnerable parts of an armoured car. He tried to drill into their heads the importance of aiming at particular spots—where the driver sat, the radiator, the tyres, if the car was coming straight at them. If they had a side target then they were to go for the engine underneath the armoured, which meant lying very flat down on the ground. But most of all he harped on the necessity for holding their fire till the very last moment.

"Don't go blazing away as soon as they come into sight," he insisted. "Wait till they're within forty yards. And thirty yards is better still. And twenty's better than that. Then give it to 'em proper, just where I've told you to. And you'll see something that'll make you laugh. Remember, hold your

fire to the last moment. It's just as simple as that. The motto is, as we say, 'Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes.' Get that into your heads and it's easy."

So that there should be no doubt about the gunners getting this into their heads, the native sergeant standing by translated it into the men's own language. Which took a little time as some of the white sergeant's idioms had to be approached in a roundabout way.

"Told 'em?" asked the white sergeant when the other ceased speaking.

The native sergeant nodded.

"Then start and tell *him* all over again," said the white sergeant, pointing specially to Private Amadu Frafra. "He's the one I'm most concerned about."

So it was recited all over again for the benefit of Amadu, who took this as a mark of special distinction and grinned with pride.

"Savvy?" inquired the white sergeant, at length.

And Amadu assured him that he did by pointing to the whites of his own eyes, at the same time rolling them so much that they looked as large as the whites of poached eggs.

Some of the regiment's Bren-guns were mounted on the top deck as ack-ack guns, and Amadu did watches with the other gunners. His own gun was locked up in the ship's armoury, but he got it out as often as he could. He spent hours of spare time oiling and polishing it while the other soldiers squatted about on the deck and played cowrie shells for cigarettes.

ROUND the Cape the troopship ran into very dirty weather, and Amadu learned for the first time, like the rest of them, that sea-sickness makes death seem easy, and that it is no respecter of persons. "No. One Bren-gunner" suffered among the worst. He no longer haunted the ship's armoury.

"My belly, he be sick proper," he gasped to the overworked M.O. "Everything he go round."

And for the hundredth time the M.O. tried to restore confidence by a simplified explanation of the action of a rough sea upon the solar plexus. But what did them more good was when, in the intervals of their own miseries, they hung over the side of the vessel and watched the other ships in the convoy being tossed about at most alarming angles. They howled with delight at the sight.

After trying in vain for three days to make Capetown, the troopship continued round to Simonstown, and thence to Durban where the regiment was to disembark and board another vessel that was to take them up to Mombasa. The white officers and N.C.O.s were a little anxious about what might happen at Durban. They had heard a lot about colour prejudice in the Union. But they were agreeably surprised. As the regiment marched singing through the town, cheering crowds lined the streets and loaded the West African troops with gifts of fruit and cigarettes. Amadu stepped out proudly near the head of the column, his Bren-gun slung across his back in its leather sling. And when the white women offered him cigarettes or fruit he grinned like a big happy child and said:

"He fit to fight for British people all the time."

By now Amadu and his Bren-gun were inseparable. After disembarking at Mombasa the regiment travelled north in goods trucks to Namjahi, whence they made a forced march of 500 miles to Isiola. This was a painful experience because they were now in mountainous country. The rarefied air at 8,000 feet affected the lungs of men used only to breathing a sea-level atmosphere, and Amadu suffered with the others. One day the white sergeant, seeing him staggering along breathless with his Bren-gun slung behind him, shouted to the loader to give Amadu some relief, by carrying the gun for a spell. But Amadu flatly refused to hand it over, though it had grown to weigh a ton.

"This thing be mine. No one else fit touch 'um," was his final word on the matter.

At last they reached Wajir, up near the frontier in the north-east of Kenya, which was to be the springboard for their advance into Italian Somaliland. And it was at Wajir that Amadu assured himself beyond all doubt that destiny had big things in store for him. On the night of his arrival he saw, low in the heavens, the "star with a tail on."

"This thing be proper juju," he informed the white sergeant

in his excitement. "Him tail, he point for Italian, and when we meet um we fit beat um proper."

"You're telling me!" laughed the sergeant.

THE attack on the Italians had commenced and a full battalion of the Gold Coast Regiment was making a compass march during the night in order to surprise the left flank of the enemy at



Amadu, still covering his prisoners with his Bren-gun, ordered his companions to drag the three bodies out of the car

Alessandra. They reached their positions just before day-break, and splitting up into small sections, began to move forward cautiously on a front of about a couple of miles. The country was flat though rough, dotted here and there with clumps of bushes and small trees, and covered with tallish, dry grass in which a handful of men with a machine gun could easily lie unseen until trodden on.

It was also easy for the individual sections to lose sight of one another as they wormed their way through the thick close tufts of grass that covered the plain, and the runners sent out by the company officers with orders had first-rate opportunities of exhibiting their skill as bushmen.

Thus it happened that about eight o'clock in the morning, with the sun already blazing down fiercely from a cloudless sky, Private Amadu Frafra, popping his head up over the top of the long grass, could see no trace of the rest of his company, either to the right of him, or to the left, or in front. He and his Bren-gun crew seemed completely isolated. (Continued on page 68)

It is nice to know that somewhere in the world women can still get lovely perfumes and new fashions in make-up. Although American women are at war, dollars continue to buy all that it takes to make glamour, and it is amusing to know that, although they wear "war-paint" make-up, their perfumes and bath luxuries are exquisitely olde worlde.

Sets of apothecary jars are the newest idea for a woman's bathroom. These are hand-painted and labelled Attar of Petals, and the Attar of Petals set includes Cologne, toilet water, triple extract, and bath essence. Then there is an Early American "Friendships garden," which includes soap, bath salts, toilet water, and dusting powder. Barbara Gould's newest perfume is called Skylark, and is used for dusting and talc powder, bath bubbles, and face powder. Kathleen Mary Quinlan's perfume is called Forget-me-not; and another perfume by Ciro rejoices in the name of New Horizon. Bourjois has a perfume labelled Mais oui.

The "war-paint" includes Fighting-red lipstick by Tussy, Emblem-red lipstick, which is described as a "bright brave red, clear as a bugle call." There are also rouge and powder to go with this, and they are produced by Du Barry. Coty's Magnet-red lipstick and Barbara Gould's Red-dash lipstick are also suitable for women in or out of uniform.

Our American cousins, when out of uniform, are wearing what their fashion experts are pleased to call "high-handed" colours for suits and hats. These high-handed colours include violet, geranium-red, jonquil, and grape-hyacinth, which is a deep purple-blue.

And now it is time to get back to our muttons, our utility clothes, utility health, and utility beauty culture.

By Jane Gordon

THERE is a good deal to be said for utility beauty culture, especially when it comes to a question of manure. Well-groomed nails are extremely attractive, but unless you can get the best nail varnish and a manicurist who is both efficient and gentle, you would be far better advised to give up both varnish and professional manure.

You would be surprised what a little home care will do for delicate nails. Even the best manicured hands may suffer from splitting, ridged, dry, or pale nails. What these nails need is plenty of massage with plenty of oil or grease. Ordinary vaseline is as good as anything for the massage, and while it gets the nail back into condition, the rough and ragged cuticles will be smoothed and soothed. Massage each nail with your finger-tips and then wipe off the surplus vaseline, or cuticle oil if you prefer this, and apply the old-fashioned paste polish. This is smeared on each nail, and the nail is then buffed. Unless you already have a nail buffer you will find this very difficult to get, but the palm of the opposite hand does equally well, and the circulation in the nail bed is stimulated until the nails themselves are left pink and healthy-looking.

Use an emery board only for shaping the nails, and be very gentle when you push back the cuticles. Cuticle clipping should never be done by anyone except a really first-class manicurist; and even thick cuticles will give you far less trouble if they are kept soft with oil, and pushed back with nothing more than finger-tip massage.

Nail tips can be whitened by wrapping a tiny twist of cotton-wool on the end of an orange stick and dipping the orange stick in a little hydrogen of peroxide. Peroxide both cleans and bleaches the nail.

Gouty and rheumatically fingers will regain their shape and suppleness by gymnastics, and the best for this purpose are those recommended by Peggy Sage, particularly the Swan, the Piano Player, the Merry-go-round, and the Grecian. Here they are:—

The Swan: Bend hand at wrist, holding fingers

On duty and Off

backwards as far as possible—dip fingers down (imitating the dive of a swan) and move hand forward, continuing the motion. Repeat each hand ten times.

The Piano Player: Place hands on table with fingers touching and hands raised, then lift each finger separately five times, holding the other fingers firmly on the table.

The Merry-go-round: Hold hands out, palms down; keep them perfectly relaxed, then swing them around in circles from the wrist, clockwise and counter-clockwise. Repeat ten times.

The Grecian: Make a tight fist—fling fingers out, fan shape—then relax completely. Repeat each hand ten times.

WE will never know how many tons of superfluous weight have been lost during this war, Woolton has improved more figures than Dr. Hay or Gayelord Hauser ever accomplished with fashionable Hollywood diets. If Woolton's office had statistics to prove how many hundreds and thousands of men and women had lost a little weight and a lot of health following the various fashionable diets that swept through this country during the years of peace, and then could compare the weight lost and health gained by these same men and women in wartime, Woolton would become not only the most famous dietician, but the most popular dietician in all history.

The other evening I met an American who is over here on an extremely important war job. He is a well-set-up man in the late forties. For eight months he has been staying at one of our most famous luxury hotels. He told me that during this time he has lost twenty-two pounds in weight and never felt better in his life. In two weeks he will be back in America, and though he is looking forward to orange juice and grapefruit, he is both alarmed and despondent at the prospect of regaining his bow-window silhouette.

I was also very much impressed by a distant relative of mine whom I had not seen for nearly two years. Before the war she had settled down to middle-aged spread, nerves, and what I can only describe as a scratchy outlook on life. Now she has no servants, refugee children, has lost nearly two stone in weight, and she has also lost her nerves and scratchiness. There are countless thousands of men and women like her who can thank Lord Woolton, Mr. Bevin, and the petrol ration for their present good health and good spirits.

If you are at the other end of the scales and are inclined to weigh less than normal, it must be admitted that the Woolton diet is not ideal. I learnt this to my cost some time ago when I lost more than eight pounds in weight in as many weeks. I not only felt like a bit of chewed string, but looked like it. The doctor prescribed a tonic, which I swallowed three times a day, and lost another pound by the time the bottle was empty. My mother wrote from America saying she had gained a stone by taking vitamin pills and, following her advice, another pound disappeared. And so it went on, until one day on duty a nurse asked me what I thought of various tonics. "I started taking Malt and Parrish's Food," she said, "but I had to give it up because I put on so much weight." Two minutes later I was in the Dispensary asking for a bottle of Malt and Parrish's Food, and within a week had put back two pounds. At the hospital we make our own special brew, but the trade name for this is Kepler, and it. (Continued on p. 59)

ON DUTY

OFF DUTY





M.T.C. drivers take food to newly-blitzed towns



Taking tea at the end of a long drive



More plugs for more tanks

THIS IS THEIR DAY

PROBABLY no better war job than this exists for a woman who is interested in industrial welfare. It isn't an easy job. You need to be more than just a nice woman with a sympathetic personality. The qualifications are high. You have to be a sizable person who can think for herself and for others. You have to know the workers' problems first hand—that is to say, you must first serve at a bench.

WOMAN WELFARE SUPERVISOR

In addition, if you have a great capacity for work, you will do. Incidentally, this is a war job which offers an attractive career for after the war.

There are two ways to become a factory welfare supervisor. One is by the long training which takes you for two years to the university, and involves winning a Social Science Certificate, followed by a shorter practical training.

The other is by the short course. This is of three months' duration, and is taken at the London School of Economics. Following this, and successful passing of the selection board, there is three months' theoretical work, and one month of practical training.

The short course is free, and there is a subsistence allowance of £2 10s. a week, and travelling expenses. Women under twenty-five are not eligible. Jobs are not guaranteed, but there are plenty going, and you are required to give an assurance of mobility.

The job, when it materialises, may be as supervisor in a small factory, or as assistant to the personnel officer—a man—in one of the larger concerns.

The average starting salary is about £250, rising, after three or four years, to £350 to £400.

The personnel supervisor is on the job at eight o'clock in most factories, unless she is working on a shift basis. The early part of the day may be employed in interviewing operatives. It is her job to advise in difficulty, to arbitrate in disputes, to be always available to the workers, so that their complaints may be heard and dealt with.

If it is necessary to transfer a worker from one department to another, it is the personnel officer who arranges it. If

there is staff to be engaged, or dismissed, she, again, is the one to handle it.

Operatives newly arrived are brought to her. She shows them around the place, familiarises them with the canteen, the recreation room, the first-aid room. She introduces other members of the staff, and sees to it that the first day is happy and companionable.

Later there may be a conference with the directorate about labour policy, disputes, or the institution of health and safety facilities. (She has to know the Factory Acts backwards for this.)

Following this, there are probably conferences with different departmental managers about protective clothing; the development of canteen facilities; education and training methods; benevolent, social and recreational schemes.

All the time, in addition to these matters, she is contacting the workers, following up the friendly communication between management and personnel, which is the best stimulus to production and general content.

Her day finishes at 6.30. She works a six-day week, and a hard one; but for a woman with the right kind of experience, and the personality to see it through, it is a week of splendid achievement.

WHAT you need for this job is a great love of children, both individually and collectively; unlimited patience and robust health, because the work is hard. Given these qualifications, the nursery assistant's work is probably the happiest this war has to offer.

Apart from matrons and deputy matrons, staff for these nurseries falls into several categories. Certificated children's nurses are employed as nursery assistants at £135 a year in the day nurseries. They are given meals while they are on the job. Nursery hours are generally adapted to meet local factory conditions. Most of them function from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. Nurses and assistants work shift duties, perhaps from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m., or from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. If you have no previous experience

of nursery work, you can still become an assistant by taking the four-weeks training course of the Child Care Reserve. This is given at the headquarters of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare, 117, Piccadilly, and, in various parts of the country, by the local education authorities. Women must be over thirty-one to undertake this work. The salary is £120 a year.

Girls from sixteen to eighteen may also serve as probationers. Their training lasts two years, and qualifies them for employment as certified nursery nurses. The pay during training is £52 a year.

Every nursery has two departments: a nursery for toddlers and another for little babies. Here is an average day's routine in the department for the under-tuos. The early shift comes on at 7 a.m. First preparations consist in making up the copper fires, airing the nursery and preparing for the children's arrival, which starts almost immediately and continues until eight o'clock. The average number of babies in this room is from twelve to fourteen.

As each child arrives, it is undressed, washed and brushed up. Mothers who go early to the factory have little time for morning titivating. In some cases, the baby is changed completely into nursery clothes.

Breakfast comes in from the kitchen at 8.30. Babies sit around their low table and are fed with porridge, rusks and a mug of milk. Some can help themselves, but most can't. Mealtimes are fun for everybody. Appetites and tempers, after the introductory phase, average 100 per cent.

After breakfast, hands and faces are cleaned up. Napkins changed. The laundry is prepared for the day's operations. Individual ailments are dealt with and include such things as eye-bathing, treatment for sore buttocks, weighing, and attention to nails and hair.

Next, napkins are changed and cots prepared for the morning nap. If it is fine and warm, this is taken outdoors, and cots are carried on to the terrace.

At ten o'clock the babies go down to sleep. If there is somebody with revolutionary ideas—and there generally is—

WAR NURSERY ASSISTANT



Analysis of four important war jobs giving details you want to know

this operation may prove to be noisy and of some length. Incidentally, the staff of the babies' nursery averages one trained nurse, one nursery assistant and one probationer.

While babies are sleeping, laundry work goes ahead. This includes washing and boiling nappies, feeders, cot sheets, soiled woollies. There are also supplementary tasks, such as cleaning windows, scalding hair-brushes and tooth-brushes, polishing nursery furniture. One extra task is allotted to each day, apart from the regular washing routine.

At 11.30, babies come up and are washed, changed, and prepared for lunch, which comes in at 12.15. Lunch takes about half an hour, and is followed with cod-liver oil and black-currant purée. In good weather, it is taken in the open air. At one o'clock the staff begin to go to lunch in shifts, while the children crawl and play.

Two-thirty brings more preparations for the afternoon nap. Sleeping time brings more laundry work, or, if the wash happens to be light, nursery mending.

At 3.30, babies come up for changing and freshening up. Tea is at four o'clock. Between 4.30 and 5, the nurses go to tea, and at 5.30, washing and dressing begins in readiness for the babies to go home. Mothers begin to call from 5.30 onwards.

Final duties consist in clearing up the nursery and laundry, making up all-night fires, and attending to preparations for the morning.

There is, you see, no idling in a war nursery. Caring for children is manual labour. It is always amusing, and never monotonous. In the toddlers' nursery, the routine is similar, with obvious adjustments according to age. The hours of a nursery assistant are longish, but she has Saturday afternoons and Sunday free. She has also a fortnight's holiday a year, and the knowledge that she is doing a woman's work.

There are residential nurseries in country districts for those who prefer to live in. Otherwise, assistants make their own living arrangements, and take most meals on the job.

WOMEN over thirty who are looking for adventure in this war don't have to look any further than the Mechanised Transport Corps.

You may have seen these remarkable women around, in their slick khaki uniforms with the blue edging to cuffs and lapels, and the blue arm-band. There are frail blondes and stunning brunettes, and every one of them is as much at home with the steering-gear of a five-ton lorry in her hands as she might be with, say, a perambulator.

The women of the M.T.C. are drafted either to an R.A.F. maintenance unit or to a Royal Ordnance Factory. Under the supervision of the Regional Headquarters of the Corps, they work from an Air Force station or from some factory. Their job is to deliver new and reconditioned lorries, from the largest to the smallest that come, to wherever the Air Force or the factory want them sent.

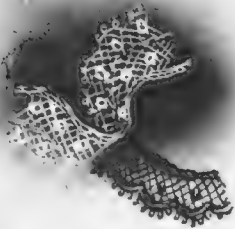
It is a tramp's life. You are constantly on the road to somewhere, sometimes in convoy, sometimes four or five of you together, sometimes alone.

These women take all their food, while they are on the job, in Service and factory canteens everywhere. They sleep in official hostels. The life is all movement and variety, and not overburdened with comfort. Yet the women are smart, well groomed, attractive and happy whenever you see them, whether it is in the conventional Corps uniform, or in the battledress and boiler-suits which they often wear for driving.

There is much freedom in the M.T.C. life. You are told where to go with your valuable cargo, and your job is to go there, quietly,

(Continued on page 53)





Laces



Cut a diamond-shaped piece from the top of an old frock. Slip behind it a white, tuckered, lace-edged vest. Your dress then has new meaning

Flowers soar in price. So buy just a small posy, and rest it in a bed made of several layers of frilled lace. It will look good on a plain, dark dress or a jacket lapel



Frilled lace, strategically placed on dark dresses, gives lift and gaiety. If white reminds you of laundering troubles, use pale pink or pale blue lace on black, navy or wine backgrounds for really stunning effects



Above. The lace is put into a square neck widening at the bottom, then sewn on a make-believe, heart-shaped yoke. Left. A stand-up frill goes round a high neck, marches down one side. End this frill wherever the line of the dress demands



Left. A stand-up frill which forms a large upside-down V



Ribbons



Who could help sitting up in bed and looking pretty in a bed-jacket made entirely of strips of coloured ribbons fag-goted together? If fag-goting bores you, seam the ribbons together on the wrong side, and line with old silk or chiffon

Bands of spotted, coloured ribbon sewn at even intervals, on the top edge only, so that they hang, across the front, hips and sleeves of a plain dinner-frock



Left. Cut a rectangular neckline. Then take two ends of bright ribbon, sew one in front, one at centre back of neck. Twist for shaping, sew here and there, tie in an exuberant bow. Repeat the other side. Right. Bands of fancy ribbon, sewn, diagonally, around a deep, corselet waist



Welcome Changes



If your dress has shrunk width-wise at the cleaner's. From left to right. Introduce panels of contrast material down the front, and on half the sleeves. Cut away the bodice and use it for the skirt's front pleats. Make a striped waistcoat front, and sew in. Fancy material, finely pleated, makes a bodice and skirt panel, and a neck bow



Two ideas for under-arm deterioration. Left (above). Cut away sleeves, back, half-fronts. Stitch in a piece of bright contrast fabric, shaped like a bolero. Make a belt to match. Below. Cut off the top as far as necessary. Fix on a new striped front and sleeves, with large matching pockets



DRESS:

By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Section

Left. To go over any frock, a scalloped, triangular, jerkin front, with ribbons either side of the point, to tie round waist, with a bow at back or side. Right. Cut like a man's dinner waistcoat, this little affair would look new and dramatic in bright woollen over a dress with bishop sleeves





YOUR feet—each with its myriads of muscles, ligaments, blood-vessels, nerves and bones—must carry your entire weight for all your walking or standing hours each day. No wonder you do not need feet of clay to have that “shoes too small” or “must sit down” feeling.

Of course, there are some sufferers who, in addition to hot, puffy summer feet, have chilblains in winter, heel blisters at odd times and corns all the year round—that is the acme of foot misery. The majority of women have normal feet that can be practically forgotten for most of the year, until hot pavements and sun-heated leather shoes start driving little nails of torture into their feet. Feet swell during summer, and press toes against shoes, starting corns. Feet perspire. Feet ache.

The daily routine of foot care is simple. Wash your feet in hot water with a good soap and nail-brush, then rinse in cold water, at least once a day. If you have a hot bath, just add the cool rinse by putting them under the tap before drying. Dry the whole foot and between the toes thoroughly. Then put your feet into clean stockings.

Once a week give your feet a good home pedicure. Cut your toe-nails—perfectly straight is the best line for toe-nails. Potential corns should be sought out and pumiced, and all the outer edges of the feet, where callouses are likely to form, should be carefully pumiced after a five-minutes' foot-soaking in hot water. Give as much care to your toe-nails as you would to your finger-nails—keep cuticles back and file off any rough edges of nails. Cleanse under the nail thoroughly and keep any thickening skin well cleared out.

If you have any foot troubles that you cannot cope with yourself, go at once to a foot hospital or clinic or chiropodist and have treatment until the discomfort is removed. No matter what your age, your feet will be your only pair for the rest of your life, and foot comfort is essential to your health and beauty.

A painful day on hurting feet can put lines in your face that will take months to eradicate. Painful feet can also throw your stance completely out of gear, ruin your posture and thus your figure.

They can not only ruin your figure, but, by making you walk or stand badly, can press various organs out of place and affect your health. The older you get the more difficult it will be to remedy the cause and the condition, so don't let your feet be your Cinderellas—give them all the care in the world. They need it.

Corns. There are hard corns, with a core that, pressing on to the tender flesh beneath, causes pain; and there are soft corns that are found between toes and in places where the skin is moist. The main cause is pressure, and that pressure must be removed. Pare the corn after soaking in hot water, and then lessen the immediate pressure by wearing a corn-pad. You must not wear ill-fitting shoes. One pair of shoes can ruin feet for a lifetime if you wear them, knowing that they are pushing toes up or pressing corns in.

The final objective with a corn is to remove the root. This cannot be done by paring; you must get some corn silk or corn remover and treat the corn with it. Painting the corn with salicylic acid and collodion will soften the centre and make it easier to remove. Persist with it. Lesser corns can be treated with a mixture of zinc ointment and vaseline massaged in at night.

Callouses. These are frequently unpainful—a thickening of the surface tissues as a natural protective measure against pressure or friction; but you should remove the excess callous by pumicing the part of the foot affected, after soaking the foot in hot water. Soap the piece of pumice before you start, and when you have finished—having done it before bedtime—paint the callous with castor oil.

Callouses sometimes, if neglected, develop into bursitis, which is an inflammation under the callous, causing a sac of fluid to form. You will have to remove the pressure, treat the callous and paint with iodine. If you cannot get any relief, go to a chiropodist or foot clinic for treatment.

Perspiring Feet. These should be washed night and morning, regularly and then dusted with a powder which you can make from alum and boracic powder in proportion of one to three.

Foot Exercises. Sitting down, try to pick up a marble, pencil or some small object in your toes.

Sitting down with legs crossed, describe a circle with your upmost foot, toe pointed, moving from the ankle. Repeat in opposite direction. Change legs and repeat with other foot.

Standing on bare feet, raise yourself on tip-toes and lower again. Then move your knees apart so that you are forced to stand on the outside little toe of your feet. Swing back to natural position. Repeat several times.

Do some tip-toe walking in bare feet.

Sitting down, exercise each toe separately, holding the other toes with your fingers if necessary until you can get independent action without this.



Joan Leslie (you will remember her with Gary Cooper in “Sergeant York”) keeps her young body lithe and conditioned by these daily routines, all repeated several times. They are mainly designed to maintain poise, balance and posture

Gradually lower the body into a squat position, then, hands, braced on floor, alternately shoot first the right then the left leg behind you in a rhythmic movement. (Slimming torso, hips, leg muscles.)

By Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in this article, write to me at Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Sun Wisdom

GIVEN a reasonable amount of sunshine, this will be a tanning summer. There are not enough beauty preparations, not enough time for beauty treatments, to strive to keep a pink-and-white complexion. Service hats, in fact most hats this year, give little shade, if any, to eyes and face, and heavy protective make-ups are not easily obtained. You will tan, but in doing so, whether you are in the Land Army, the Services, or just war-working in your own back-yard, you must give the lie to those wise beauty experts who say that one summer can add five years of lines to your face, and that tanning is suicidal, as far as beauty is concerned, to all over thirty. Tanning, unwisely, is beauty suicide.

Have a care that you are not screwing wrinkles into your face. Glare will force lines around your eyes and brow if you are careless. Your first thought should be to prevent any screwing-up of eyes in the sun's glare. If possible, wear sun-glasses or a peaked shade over your eyes when the glare is strong, and this can be on dull as well as sunny days. Also learn to relax the muscles around your eyes, whether you are indoors or out of doors.

If eyes become tired after a day in the sun, be regular with your evening eye-bath and, if possible, put herbal eye-pads on your eyes for ten minutes' shut-eye, lying down. This will draw the tiredness from your eyes and relax any glare-tensed muscles.

The actual action of the sun on the skin of the face is an opening and relaxing of the pores (with the infra-red warmth-giving rays) and a stimulating of the skin-tissue cells by the ultra-violet rays.

Pigment cells darken the skin as a protection against the sun. If you do not tan, if you are a type of blonde or red-head that burns red and then, after agonies, goes pale again, you will have to keep your bare skin out of the sun, and that is all there is to it. But the majority of women tan more or less, proving that the sun is beneficial to their bodies.

You will find your skin becoming slightly coarser, and if you do not keep the opened pores cleansed of the exuded oils, perspiration and secretions that the sun brings to the surface, you may get sagging, blocked pores.

Conversely, the sun, drawing out the moisture from your skin, dries it deeply. If you treat your skin wisely, all the poisons will be brought to the surface, cleared out completely. Then the nourishment of the cells given by skin-food will counteract the drying action of the sun's cleansing. The two rules are, cleanse thoroughly, and nourish regularly.

There are less natural oil glands around the eyes and the neck, so that these are the places needing especial care. If you can possibly get an eye cream from any of the good salons, or a nourishing oil to use around the eyes—several salons make rationed supplies of this type of preparation—use this around your eyes.

Having attended to the delicate eye regions, massage a good throat oil or skin-food into your neck with an upward action from salt cellar to ears. A herb and turtle-oil preparation is especially good for this.

Now for the actual face nourishment. Each night clean the pores with a cleansing lotion or light cream, then apply a little skin-food to your face and massage it well in, wiping away the surplus, before going to bed. This is all-important. If you have a normally greasy skin, you will not need as much skin-food as a dry skin, but a greasy skin will have more trouble concentrating on the cleansing of the over-active pores.

Dry-skin subjects should not need skin tonics during the hottest summer months, for their stimulating can come from cold-water splashes. Greasy skins, however, which suffer from still greater greasiness during the heat, owing to over-relaxed pores, should have cold-water splashes and skin tonic slapping as usual. Nothing will dry their skins too much, although sun-baking should lessen their cares basically.



Heels together, slowly lower to floor in squat position with arms stretched out in front, palms down. Sweep arms out to sides, rise slowly to feet. (Posture and muscle-toning.)

Lower the body to the squat position, and, hands on hips, stretch one leg out in front. Bring it back and return to a standing position. Lower again and repeat with the other leg. (Strengthen back, slim thighs.)

THIS IS DRESSY



ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit ; p. = purl ; m. = make ; s. = slip ; st. = stitch or stitches ; tog. = together ; beg. = beginning.

MATERIALS

9 ozs. La Laine 3-ply wool ; Nos. 10 and 11 needles ; 9 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 35 ins. ; length, 20 ins. ; sleeve seam, 18 ins.

TENSION

7 st. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 110 st. Work K. 2, p. 2 rib for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking st. and work straight for 4 ins. from casting on. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 6th row until there are 122 st. Work straight until there are 14 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 94 st. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 st. at beg. of next 8 rows leaving 30 st. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 54 st. with No. 11 needles. Work K. 2, p. 2 rib for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles and stocking st. and work straight for 4 ins. from casting on. Now M. 1 st. at right edge of work (right side facing) on next and every 6th row until there are 60 st. Work straight until side seam is 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every row until there are 14 decreases at armhole.

Now keep armhole edge straight, and M. 1 st. at other edge on next and every other row until there are 16 increases and 62 st. Now K. 2 tog. on this shaped edge on every other row until there are 8 st. decreased and 54 st. Now M. 1 st. at shaped edge on every row and cast off 8 st. at armhole edge at beg. of every other row until there are 4 groups of 8 st. cast off.

Work on remaining st. and K. 2 tog. at shaped edge on every 5 rows and M. 1 st. at other edge on every (Continued on p. 57)

Knit These Yourself. . . Save Money And Coupons

MATERIALS

6 ozs. Listers Lavenda 3-ply blue wool ; 1 yd. navy corded ribbon and 1 yd. petunia ; No. 9 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins. ; sleeve seam, 4 ins. ; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

Cast on 104 st. with blue wool. Work K. 2, p. 2 rib for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 136 st. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 104 st. Cast off 35 st. at beg. of next 2 rows, leaving 34 st. Work on 17 of these st. for 7 ins. Cast off. Work 7 ins. on other 17 st.

THE FRONT

Work as back until there are 5 ins. worked on centre 34 st. Cast off.

BACK YOKE PIECES (two alike)

Cast on 48 st. Work K. 2, p. 2 rib and m. 1 st. at left edge of work on every 4th row until there are 4½ ins. worked. Cast off.

FRONT YOKE PIECES

As back yokes, but work only for 3 ins. instead of 4½.

SLEEVES (two alike)

Cast on 80 st. Work K. 2 p. 2. rib for 3 ins. m. 1 st. at (Continued on p. 57)

THIS IS TAILORED



She's Got Four Pairs Of Hands



Running a home and a part-time war job might, if you let it, become an exhausting business. Women who are doing it find that, as every hour is occupied and every moment mortgaged, a clockwork routine is the only possible method.

The simplest routine seems to be the one that lays down a time for everything. Women who are keeping their homes afloat and spending some part of the day in a war job are generally agreed about this.

Most housewives prefer afternoon war jobs because they can then keep to much the same schedule as before when they normally planned their days so as to be through with household tasks by lunch time, leaving the afternoons free for other things.

It becomes necessary, of course, to get rather more into the mornings than before. This isn't difficult when you have worked out a routine which does away with unnecessary tasks, avoids wasted time, uses every minute intelligently. Keeping to such a routine, any housewife-war-worker may feel, with the gratification of achievement, that she's got four pairs of hands.

One essential point is early rising. All the seasoned part-time war workers agree about this. If you have been used to rising at half-past seven in the morning, the new routine will probably demand that you get up at half-past six instead. Starting right away on the heaviest tasks while you are still unfatigued and fresh seems to make the work melt away. If you have ever been an early riser you will know that you can get through more work in one hour at this time than in any two later on.

Another rule follows inevitably upon this one. No late nights. You cannot do yourself justice either at home or at your war job if you are overtired. Eight hours' sleep is an essential when every day is full. Bed at ten-thirty is a rule from which only the most urgent need should persuade war workers to depart.

At first there is a temptation to fritter time away in the evenings doing trivial household tasks. Sitting up late doing the family mending or washing out underclothes makes bedtime get later and later, and the more fatigued you become the less able you seem to get out

of the muddle you are in. But once everything is organised, down to the last piece of sock darning, and bedtime is rigidly fixed at a fairly early hour, things run more smoothly.

Shopping seems to present the most complex problem. This can be solved by planning ahead, and by a friendly system of co-operation with the shopkeepers.

An understanding with the tradesmen about times for ordering and times for delivery is helpful.

Increased rationing has greatly simplified shopping. Hunting from shop to shop and queueing for unrationed foodstuffs grows less and less. If meals for the week are planned, say, on Sunday, an order can be sent that will cover most needs for the coming week. Deliveries may not be possible, but it helps if the order is ready for you when you call.

Training other members of the family to take their share of work and responsibility and encouraging each one to be self-sufficient according to their capability is a sound move for the woman whose time is limited.

This may mean withdrawing those little personal services they have always enjoyed, but these are stern times and stern measures are called for.

Older children can make their own beds. A household rule that whoever makes a litter shall clear it up is a great help to organisation. Another sound move is to recruit the help of some woman member of the family or a good friend with time on her hands to assist with the mending. Publicising your need for assistance often brings a response.

If you have been lucky enough to secure the services of an older woman to take over some part of the household tasks, bear in mind that a woman who is left to work on her own needs extra coaching.

You cannot hope for one hundred per cent satisfaction from one who is not absolutely familiar with your methods. Be sure she knows exactly how and when you like things done. This way she is more likely to please you and stay content herself. Recreation is the best possible stimulus to hard work. Women who are running two jobs should organise their leisure to allow for regular entertainment of some kind. It is as necessary to make time for a movie or the theatre as it is to make time for house cleaning.



Inexperienced washers sometimes get very tired without getting the clothes very clean. This is because energies are misdirected. The water and the cleaning agents should do nearly all the work if the right system is employed.

Soaking clothes helps. Put them into cold water the night before so that dirt floats out of the fabric before the serious washing starts.

That grey appearance is due to skimping the water. Clothes should go through as many different waters as possible. The last rinsing water should be absolutely clear.

Soft water makes washing easier and produces a frothy lather. It also economises soap. If you haven't got soft water add ammonia to the water.

The old-fashioned rubbing board is a good thing. A piece of wood with a smoothly planed surface is a good substitute.

Sunshine is the best bleaching agent known. It is better to lay linen flat on the lawn in bright sunshine than to hang on a line.



Your Daughter Looks A Little Pale...

Anæmia does not confine its depredations to persons of any particular age. It is as common among children as among adults, but if there is a time when susceptibility seems highest it is in the years of rapid growth approaching puberty.

The sickly pallor, the spotty complexion, the tired and out-of-sorts feeling which is a commonplace among girls and boys at the growing-up stage is not entirely a seasonal condition and it is far from wise to ignore it in the comfortable hope that it will simply pass away.

The rapid physical and chemical changes which are taking place in the system at this age are frequently responsible for uncomfortable disturbances in the balance of health, but it is a fallacy to assume them inevitable.

Anæmia, which so often attacks children at this stage of development, is a silent insidious complaint. In its primary stages it is not easy to detect from the symptoms above, which are somewhat indefinite. The child is listless, always fatigued. Susceptibility to cold and chilblains is likely, owing to poor circulation, and constipation is practically inevitable.

These symptoms, though serious enough in their implications, are not always emphatic enough to demand attention. So the condition goes on, sometimes for months, sometimes even for years, until some far more serious developments ensue.

Some children are born with anæmia. They may suffer a sub-condition of anæmia for years without any dramatic consequences until the difficult age of puberty is reached. Then when the excessive functional demands upon the body which are to be expected at this time begin to take place, this serious but silent flaw in the machinery is revealed with all its implications.

Right from the day of birth the human system requires iron. New babies need two milligrammes of iron a day. This cannot be derived from human milk or cow's milk and so

Nature has provided against this contingency by storing up iron in the child's liver before birth.

The sufficiency of this store depends, of course, upon the mother's diet being adequately supplied with iron in the last months of pregnancy. If it is otherwise, the storage is deficient and the baby is born anæmic.

This is one reason for an anæmic start in life.

Another and perhaps the commonest cause of anæmia is incorrect diet, lack of fresh air and sleep.

An abundant diet is not always the most healthy. Undernourishment, in fact, sometimes coincides with a diet which is far from scanty. To guard against anæmia, and also to assist its cure when it is established, the diet should be rich in green vegetables, black currant purée (which can be obtained when necessary by doctor's orders). Stodgy and starchy foods should be reduced to a minimum.

It is often possible in the earliest stages of anæmia to effect a cure by simply improving the diet, insuring longer hours of sleep and an abundance of fresh air both outdoors and by indoor ventilation. Regular meals and no tit-bits in between is a fundamental rule of diet.

In boys and girls at the ages of rapid development between twelve and sixteen, the condition is often accompanied by listlessness and apparent inability to concentrate for

long. These symptoms should be treated sympathetically, not, as they so often are, as youthful indolence.

If anæmia has really got a hold, a defective supply of blood to the brain will result in these manifestations of dullness and inability to think. The child should be encouraged to sleep as much as possible in a room with wide-open windows. Eight hours is the minimum. If more can be managed so much the better. All strenuous sports should be discouraged for the time being.

Anæmia cannot properly be diagnosed without a blood test. It is a completely outmoded notion that paleness under the lids of the eyes, a pasty complexion and the other symptoms already described are a sufficient indication in themselves, although they are usual. It is now known that a quite serious condition of anæmia can be present *without* these common manifestations. The only safe method of diagnosis is a blood test and the wise parent will insist upon this measure if there is any reason to suspect the presence of anæmia.

Treatment, once the disease is diagnosed, is fortunately rapid and, now, absolutely sure. In cases of primary anæmia, a course of ferrous iron and yeast, synchronised with a healthily balanced diet, containing the necessary elements in food, including vitamins; a great deal of fresh air *without* excessive exercise to cause fatigue and as much sleep as it is possible to contrive, will bring about a rapid change to glowing cheeks and renewed vitality.

More advanced cases of anæmia respond with magical rapidity to treatment by liver. In serious cases this is injected into the blood stream. In less serious cases, the liver can be taken in the form of pills. Secondary anæmia is not, however, common among children. It is the disease in its milder form producing a subnormal condition of health and spirits which most often requires attention if the graver condition is to be prevented in after life.



Story of a South England Farm

The April sun shone hot on my head, the day that I sat on my harrow, munching my bread and cheese, and thought how green was my valley viewed between the sweating legs of Sally, the hired mare. Thought, too, how good was a farmer's life.

Yet sweat, toil and tears (almost) had gone into the making of the acre of arable upon which I was working.

For weeks I had waited for the tractor to come. The frost held. The frost broke. The tractor broke. And it was not until a day late in March that the monster, driven by the tow-headed son of a neighbouring farmer, clattered through the yard.

As the first furrow leaped up under the plough, my heart leaped up, too, with a primitive pride of possession. It was my own, my very own good earth, so long lying fallow, that was now being prepared to conceive. Food would spring from those rich furrows, now rolling like ruddy waves before my eyes. Food for human, beast and bird.

I had first seen the farm on a wet day last November.

Perhaps farm is too grand a word for this tiny green plot nesting in the high curved bosom of the Chilterns. It is a small holding, holding its own against the predatory claw of the speculative builder.

As I tramped over the fields my gum boots ankle deep in mud, I tried to see the place as it would be in spring, with the sky blue over drifting blossom; as it would be in summer, with the great walnut tree cooling the flint walls and the shabby barns; as it would be in autumn, with the apples ruddy in the orchard, and the shadows lying long over the valley below. And I knew that this place was a must in my life.

The must cost me £1,075. This for a three-hundred-years-old flint and tile cottage of four rooms; dairy, two stables, a barn, an orchard of cherry and apple, and about four and a half acres of grassland. No sanitation. No light. But main water laid on. Expensive? Yes. But not, as they say, as things go to-day.

The problem was how best to lay out the permitted £100 for construction work. Of course, it is possible to get a permit for putting farm buildings in order, but as my remaining capital, after purchase, was about £150 and, as I needed some money to buy livestock, the limit was arbitrarily defined.

I decided on three essentials: sanitation; light; fencing.

Such refinements as stripping walls, whitewashing and painting, I could do myself. My next problem was to find someone to do the job.

By the time I had found and cajoled "labour" into getting on with the necessary work, it was mid-January. Around that time came the snow and frost. "Labour," comprising Mr. Jones, an evacuee builder, a man of skill but will-o'-the-wisp ways, and Johnny, age fifteen, was a frozen asset for weeks. It was not until mid-March that the lid of the cess pit was finally clamped down and there was hot and cold water in the taps.

There appeared to be no snag with regard to the electricity, until it was broken to me that I should have to find my own cable poles. After hunting on foot, horse and bicycle I located some throw-outs in a wood that was being felled for pit-props. Negotiations, calling for most delicate diplomacy, then opened. Many pints of beer were consumed and many a horny palm crossed with silver before the props were marked with a Ku-Klux-Klan symbol meaning that they could be removed by my accredited agent.

After paying for the cost of electricity and drainage (£68), wire for fencing, gates and posts, I was left with little more than £50 with which to buy livestock, plants and seeds. I had to go slow. I was, however, encouraged in the go-slow approach, by my farmer neighbour, Mr. Gray.

"Understock, rather than overstock," was his advice, and so in this my first year, I have started very small.

Poultry consists of ten hens and a cockerel. Twenty Khaki Campbell ducks, hardy double-purpose birds, six goslings and ten Aylesburys, which should be ready for the Christmas market. I intend to keep some guinea fowl. These are delicious and economical eating, but are said to have wandering habits and quarrelsome natures. We shall see.

"Keep your grass in front of your cattle; don't let your cattle get ahead of your grass," was another of Mr. Gray's axioms. So, only two young heifers feed on the one-and-three-quarter acres of the lower meadow.

Having attended several, I came to the conclusion that live and dead farming stock sales are exciting but dangerous to the novice, and I bought my two girls, Bertha and Popsy, for £8 apiece from a local farmer of unspotted reputation. Bertha, a shorthorn, and Popsy, a cross-bred Jersey, will stay with me, I hope, till the late autumn, and will then be sold (again I hope) at a decent profit. I should like to keep Popsy and have a calf from her in due course, but I had no field to close for hay, and the price of winter feed is prohibitive.

Instead, if conditions permit, I shall buy three or four cross-bred sheep, graze them in the orchard and the small field on the east side of the house, giving them, for additional rations, swede and kale grown in a waste piece of ground behind the orchard. They will produce lamb, I hope, in early spring, and go to market at a small profit.

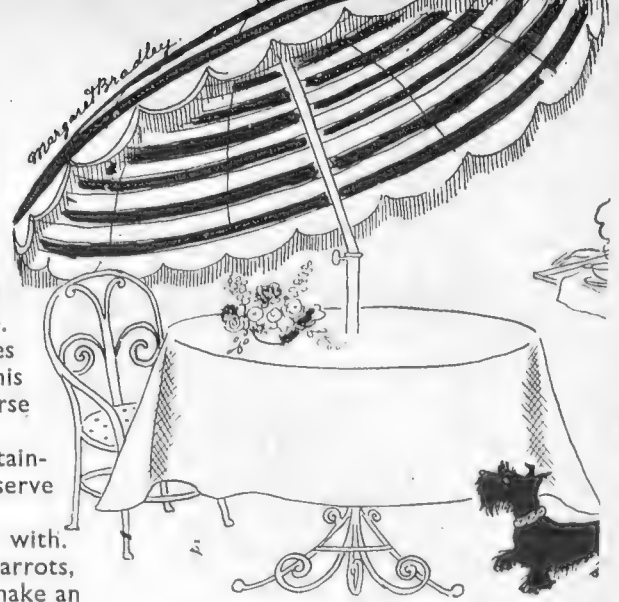
The rabbitry consists of Blue Beverens, a dual-purpose animal which makes good, firm, white flesh, and the beautiful white Ermine, bred for his pelt.

In spite of much head wagging from the locals, I keep the rabbits in the poultry enclosure; I dislike the habit of shutting them away in (Continued on page 64)

By Lynne Joyce



Something for Lunch



We can't all lunch out every day, and unless there's a British Restaurant handy, it comes a bit expensive.

The kind of light dishes I am suggesting for lunches would do nicely for summer suppers too. And at this lavish season of the year you can add a second course without breaking Austerity rules.

We hardly need reminding that with fruit an unattainable luxury for the rest of the year, it is as well to serve it raw as often as possible, now that it is in.

A quickly made vegetable soup is good to start with. Using vegetable water as stock and adding grated carrots, turnips and a shredded green vegetable, you can make an easy soup in twenty minutes. To give extra nourishment,

use up hard cheese rinds by grating one over each plateful of soup.

If the main dish does not include salad, serve salad as a separate course. To my mind the best and most delectable salad is the classic French one—well-washed and dried lettuce leaves in a bowl rubbed round with garlic; over the leaves a scattering of chopped parsley or chervil, and maybe a chopped spring onion or shallot or chives; and a French dressing, just enough to oil the leaves and leave no moisture in the bowl.

A dash of spiced vinegar saved from pickles can be used in making the dressing by way of a change from the ordinary kind.

Don't leave lettuce to soak in water. If you have to keep it for a day, do so in a tightly covered tin or crock—dry. Or stand the roots only, not the leaves, in a very little water.

An interesting and unusual vegetable, nicely served, might well make the main lunch dish, with wheatmeal bread and cheese.

Here are two—hop shoots boiled like asparagus (the taste is not unlike that of asparagus, either); and the boiled tips of broad bean plants, pinched out by gardeners to avoid the pest called black aphids. Both these have new and subtle flavours. Or you might try cooking a young marrow in its skin, serving it with a sprinkle of chopped chervil or parsley and, if you can spare it, a little melted margarine.

By Harriet Muir



FISH AND GOOSEBERRY SALAD

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>$\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cooked flaked fish (mackerel is specially recommended);</p> <p>$\frac{3}{4}$ pint cooked, diced new potatoes;</p> <p>$\frac{1}{2}$ pint green gooseberries, chopped;</p> <p>Garlic;</p> | <p>1 teaspoonful chopped spring onions or chives;</p> <p>Salt and pepper;</p> <p>Vinegar;</p> <p>Parsley, radishes and a few halved gooseberries to garnish.</p> |
|--|--|

Rub salad bowl with garlic.

Mix fish, potatoes and gooseberries with a little vinegar, salt and pepper, adding the onion. Garnish with parsley, radishes and halved gooseberries.

CREAMED SALMON ON TOAST

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 small tin salmon (or left-over fresh salmon);</p> <p>2 teaspoonfuls capers;</p> <p>1 oz. flour;</p> | <p>1 oz. margarine;</p> <p>$\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and water;</p> <p>4 slices toast, spread with margarine.</p> |
|--|--|

Flake salmon and remove bones. Make white sauce by melting the margarine, cooking flour a little in it and adding milk. Boil for three to four minutes before stirring in the fish and capers. Add salt and pepper, and pile on margarine toast. Decorate with sprigs of parsley.

AFGHAN CURRY

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. rice;</p> <p>1 oz. margarine;</p> <p>6 spring onions;</p> <p>2 young carrots;</p> <p>2 young turnips;</p> | <p>1 dessertspoonful curry;</p> <p>$\frac{1}{2}$ pint vegetable stock;</p> <p>1 breakfastcupful cooked peas or garden broad beans;</p> <p>Suet and pepper.</p> |
|---|---|

Make margarine very hot in a saucepan and cook without browning the carrots, turnips and spring onions, which you have chopped small. Add salt, pepper and curry powder, and stir well. Now put in the rice, stirring all the time, and cook together for a few minutes before pouring in the stock. Cook gently with the lid on for three-quarters

of an hour. When nearly done, stir in the peas and beans.

A slice of fried spam goes well with this if you want to make it a more substantial dish. You could also combine cooked, sliced sausages with the rice.

SAVOURY POTATO CAKE

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 breakfastcupfuls mashed potatoes;</p> <p>A little fat;</p> | <p>8 spring onions;</p> <p>Scraps of cooked bacon;</p> <p>Salt and pepper.</p> |
|---|--|

Heat fat in frying pan and fry onions (chopped, green part included) in it without browning. Well season the potatoes, and beat them up with the onions and the bacon, which you have cut in small pieces. Keep the frying pan very hot and greasy. Now press the potato mixture well into it to make an "omelette" about one inch thick. Run round with a knife to loosen, and shake while cooking. Turn out, and serve with browned side uppermost.

STUFFED POTATO PANCAKES

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>8 oz. cooked, sieved potatoes;</p> <p>3 oz. flour;</p> <p>Little fat;</p> <p>1 breakfastcup cooked spinach;</p> | <p>1 rasher bacon;</p> <p>2 tablespoonfuls white sauce;</p> <p>Dash of vinegar;</p> <p>Salt and pepper.</p> |
|--|---|

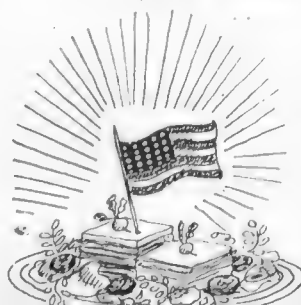
Mix flour and potatoes, and roll out on a floured board to the size of the frying pan. Fry both sides.

For the filling, cut up the bacon and blend with spinach. Put a dash of vinegar in the white sauce and mix with spinach. Make hot. Put on the pancake and fold over like an omelette. A variety of the fillings can be used, according to what you have available.

SANDWICH PLATE

An American idea for lunch or supper is a sandwich plate of open-face sandwiches.

Toast bread and spread it with margarine, then with mayonnaise. What you put in the sandwiches





will depend upon what you have available in the larder, but here are suggestions. Choose three or four ingredients and arrange a little of each as attractively as possible on each piece of toast: Grilled bacon cut in dice, diced cheese, finely cut strips of any left-over cold meat, flaked cooked or canned fish, runner beans (cut in strips), sliced cucumber, sliced radishes, sliced beetroot, chopped spring onion. Season well.

Arrange on a large dish and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

SAVOURY EGG PIE

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 4 tablespoonfuls dried eggs; | 4 tablespoonfuls milk; |
| 8 tablespoonfuls cold water; | 2 spring onions; |
| 1 tablespoonful margarine; | 1 rasher bacon; |
| 1 lb. spinach; | Salt and pepper. |
| 2 tomatoes (or 3 tablespoonfuls canned tomatoes); | |

Reconstitute eggs by putting the powder in a bowl and adding the water, stirring well until quite smooth. Take care that every scrap of powder is absorbed in the water, and that none remains round the edges of the bowl. Let stand for five minutes when blended.

Cook the spinach. Drain well; chop, and keep hot.

Chop onions and bacon. Peel and dice tomatoes and cook together until done, adding a little spinach-juice to make a smooth, runny sauce.

Heat margarine and milk in a saucepan. Season with salt and pepper, and add the egg mixture.

Cook over a very low heat until just firm and creamy.

Have the spinach in four portions on hot plates. Pile each with egg, and pour the tomato sauce over.

SAVOURY EGG PIE (Another version)

- | | |
|---|--|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. smoked sausage (unrationed); | 2 tablespoonfuls grated cheese; |
| 1 medium cauliflower; | 2 breakfastcupfuls cooked, diced potato. |

FOR THE CUSTARD

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 3 tablespoonfuls dried egg; | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk; |
| 6 tablespoonfuls cold water; | Salt and pepper. |

Reconstitute egg as above. Mix with the milk and season with salt and pepper.

Put the sausage (diced), the potato and the cauliflower (cooked and broken into neat pieces) into a pie-dish. Pour the custard mixture over and sprinkle the top with cheese.

Cook in the oven at milk-pudding heat for forty-five minutes, or until the custard is just firm.

DEVILLED CHEESE

- 2 oz. cheese;
1 tablespoonful pickles or chutney;
Knob of margarine;
Cayenne pepper and mustard.

Melt the cheese and margarine together in a pan. When melted, add the pickles (chopped) and pepper and mustard to taste. Serve hot on toast, with a plain green salad.

STUFFED TOMATOES

- | | |
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| 4 good-sized firm tomatoes; | 1 tablespoonful fried onion or spring onion; |
| 2 tablespoonfuls sausage meat or chopped spam; | 2 tablespoonfuls breadcrumbs; |
| Salt and pepper; | A little margarine. |

Cut a small slice off the top of each tomato. Scoop out the inside of the tomatoes and mix with the other ingredients. Season well, and if the tomato juice is insufficient to moisten thoroughly, add a little vegetable stock.

Fill up the tomatoes with this stuffing, top with a little piece of margarine, and bake or grill.

Any stuffing left over can be spread on fingers of bread and grilled at the same time.



JULY SALAD

- 2 small carrots;
2 beetroots and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint French beans (all cut in strips);
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint green peas;
1 teaspoonful chopped shallot or spring onion;
1 teaspoonful chopped chervil or parsley;
French dressing.

Blend the ingredients in the salad bowl, scattering chopped chervil over. Dress just before serving.

RAVIOLI

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour; | Little salt; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint warm water; | Minced cooked cold meat, with a dash of Worcester sauce. |
| 1 tablespoonful salad oil; | |

Make a stiff batter, divide in half and roll each piece out on a floured board until the thickness of half-a-crown. Put little heaps of the mince at two-inch intervals, and place the other piece of batter over. Cut between the lumps of mince, making two-inch squares. Pinch edges firmly together. Put the squares into boiling salted water for one minute, finishing cooking off the fire for another ten minutes.

Drain, sauté a little for a few minutes, sprinkle a very little grated cheese over and serve with brown sauce.



Whisk an airy lightness into your wartime dishes to give them a chef-like look and taste. Lots of things besides women, dogs and walnut trees are improved by beating.

Success of household milk depends upon energetic whipping, but it won't whip to a cream however hard you try. Instead, as a cake, éclair or meringue filling, make vanilla custard (2 oz. custard powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk), adding before it cools 2 tablespoons powdered (or $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. leaf) gelatine. Whip good and hard for five minutes.

Whip eggs for omelette or scrambling with top milk and a teaspoonful of water. Result will be light and frothy—and two eggs will do the work of three.

Beat up your 2 oz. butter ration with 3 oz. margarine in a warm basin. Then slowly add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, whipping energetically for some thirty minutes until all are combined.

Whip bread sauce to a creamy consistency before serving. And whisk eggless mayonnaise as thoroughly as if you were making it with Mrs. Beeton's most lavish recipe.

Whip spinach to a cream with a little margarine and grated nutmeg. Whip potatoes, too, with a little milk and chopped chives.

Red or black currants, gooseberries, strawberries, raspberries, will make delicious fruit whips this month—1 lb. fruit to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick custard.

Jelly goes further if you whip it with a wire whisk when cool and on the point of setting. Try piling whisked jelly on fresh strawberries or raspberries in individual glassess.





Waste Paper and Cardboard. For repulping and conversion into new paper and fibre board. These are made into fuses, targets, containers for shells and explosives, washers for shells and light bombs. This is just the beginning of a long list.

Metals. To provide the raw materials for munitions. One ton of scrap metal provides steel for one hundred Bren guns. Five tons for 250 A.A. shells. Twenty tons for a tank. A wire-mesh fire guard contains approximately the same amount of metal as an A.A. shell.

Bones. For extracting fat which makes nitro-glycerine which makes high explosives. The remainder makes soap, candles and feeding meal for cattle and fertiliser for food crops. Every bit of bone, even rabbit and poultry bones (but not fish bones), is needed. There is no substitute.

Rags. For making paper, uniforms and equipment, gun wadding, fuse cloth, ground sheets and tent accessories. Woollen rags, graded, sterilised and processed, make blankets, battledress and many other cloths.

Rubber: Old tyres, inner tubes, hot-water bottles, gum boots, rubber mats, elastic bands. After treatment at reclamation plants these make a hundred different things, including gas masks and barrage balloons, to meet the huge rubber demands of the Army, Navy and Air Force.

Kitchen Waste. All food scraps, not including fish bones, tea and coffee grounds, rhubarb leaves and sour food. The scraps, after boiling or concentration at special plants, make feeding stuffs for pigs and poultry and thus help to replenish our supplies of bacon, eggs and stock.

This is a Salvage Slacker

A household quiz has shown that, in a general way, women are making a good job of salvage. It is a fact, however, that even among the people who no longer regard the reclaiming of waste as a private joke of the Government's, salvage doesn't go far enough.

Many are salvage slackers without the slightest intention of being so. Others are still vague about the importance of rags and bones and old paper and vaguer still about what is being done with them after the dustmen cart them away.

A number of people still hug a grievance about faulty local organisations for the collection of waste. It was a legitimate grievance once, but few districts remain where the problem of salvage collection is not getting the most earnest and effective attention.

On the whole, things are moving. What we have to do now is to clean out the corners and button up the ends.

Salvage Stewards working under the guidance of the local Salvage Committee or Salvage officer, are already helping to get this done.

This voluntary office which anybody, man or woman, can undertake in spare time, requires no special skill, but is a vitally important contribution to the war effort.

Salvage Stewards work in all possible ways to increase the collection of salvage in the district. Their aim is to encourage other householders, by force of persuasion and personal example, to increase their efforts and to perfect their domestic organisation for saving waste. It is also their business to advise what to save, how to sort and collect it, and then to co-operate with the local authority about the development and efficiency of their salvage enterprise.

Whether you are a Salvage Steward or just a person who is helping all you can in a small way you will see the need for extending and improving your own household organisation for saving waste.

Get to know clearly *what* to save. Get some suitable

containers for each type of waste so that what you save can be tidy, clean and easily carried about. Keep a bin for old tins. In the summer wash tins before you put them in the salvage bin, otherwise expect a visitation from cats and flies. Find a large tin, if you can, or a box with a fairly tight lid on it for bones. Even the driest bones are wanted.

Use a sack or an old pillow case to collect rags. These are in urgent demand. Keep them as dry and clean as possible and, of course, separate from the other waste.

If you don't keep chickens yourself, take food waste to the nearest pig food bin. If there is no waste food bin in your locality, take the food to somebody, anybody, who keeps chickens or pigs.

Don't, however, wrap food. It wastes valuable paper.

One more don't. Keep tea and coffee grounds, rhubarb leaves, fish bones and all sour food out of the salvage bin.

Of course, paper and cardboard as war weapons are an old story to you now, but don't let the story get stale. Save every infinitesimal scrap of paper. Keep bringing out your old magazines, old letters, old bills and used cheques. Don't let a single scrap get past you.

If you live in a flat there will perhaps be some general method of collection each day from flat to flat.

If you live in a house there will almost certainly be a garage or some kind of outhouse in which you can make room for the various salvage containers, but in any case, and especially in summer, keep salvage under control. Keep it dry and keep it sorted. Remember, always, that you are making an important contribution to victory.

Salvage is doing a four-fold war job. It is releasing our hard-pressed shipping for other tasks. It is defeating the enemy's attempts to starve us of raw materials. It is helping to make up the loss of vital supplies from territory which is now in Japanese hands. It is constantly supplying the equipment with which the services are fighting the war.

Patriots must know

War — world war — has imperiously reminded us that all food comes from the soil and the sea — and that the labour of harvesting is man's primal task.

To Government and Governed alike has come the realisation of the vital importance of the canning industries in overleaping the seasons, and bringing food at its sun-ripe maturity to the humblest kitchen table on any day of the year.

The 57 Varieties have long inspired liking and trust throughout the community — therefore they were sorely missed when the grocers' shelves gave evidence of temporarily diminished supplies.

But patriots must know that all the time Heinz have been doing a big job of National feeding (supplying the Services, the national food reserves, etc). More — they must realise that Heinz have steadfastly refused to lower that standard of quality which gave the 57 its great good name.

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To be reasonably sure of a quiet life when there is so much to do that twenty-four hours is not long enough for each day, there is only one method. That is, to run your life to a time-table.

A life so mechanically planned sounds boring. In practice it is not. You are too busy to be bored. Time runs rhythmically like a smooth machine. You don't get behind in your tasks and they don't get the better of you.

Here is the case of a woman whose husband is in the army and who manages to keep a job going as well as a comfortable little home for herself and her two children, aged twelve and fourteen, who are at day school.

She has been through all the phases of settling down to a routine far removed from anything to which she was formerly accustomed. She has been through the stage when she thought she must have been crazy ever to have started it. She has been through the "tired out" phase and the "past caring" phase and, after it all, has now emerged upon the stage where life goes fairly comfortably.

She attributes this to the fact that she has harnessed Time to work with her and not against her. Here is the daily schedule:

7 a.m. Alarm rings. Plug in electric kettle for tea. Slip on my dressing-gown and go downstairs to put on the porridge for breakfast. Go upstairs again to drink tea with the children in my room and talk about the day's plans. Strip beds.

7.15 a.m. Wash and dress. I take my bath at night as it is more restful. Supervise the children's dressing.

Wearing house dress, I tidy the bedrooms. Run the sweeper through all but the room which my daily help is to clean thoroughly that day.

8 a.m. Cook and serve breakfast in the kitchen. Children clear the table and stack the dishes while I make the beds.

8.30 a.m. See children off. Write instructions for daily help.

We have a regular understanding about her daily duties. I keep rooms clear and tidy from

day to day. She turns out one of them every day. For instance: Monday: She cleans my bedroom and washes the "smalls" which don't go to the laundry. Tuesday: The children's two small bedrooms and the silver. Wednesday: The sitting-room. Windows everywhere. Thursday: The bathroom, hall and stairs. Friday: Kitchen and cupboards are turned out. She also fits in some of my week-end shopping and, every day, prepares things for our light evening meal. The children have midday lunch at school. I have mine in a restaurant.

8.45 a.m. Change into outdoor clothes and leave for work. (I do a little shopping in my lunch hour if necessary.)

5.45 p.m. Home again.

6 to 6.30 p.m. Freshen up. Change into a house dress if I am spending the evening at home. I relax a little.

6.45 p.m. Prepare and lay supper.

7.15 p.m. Supper. Sometimes we go to a small restaurant and on to a movie. In this case we start earlier. Sometimes I take dinner with friends in which case the children have a friend in with them. We leave supper prepared on such occasions.

7.45 p.m. Clear, stack and wash dishes. The children help.

8 to 8.30 p.m. Attend to children's emergency mending, play the piano for them or do our evening crossword together. At eight-thirty they go to their baths and bed.

9. p.m. I relax. Write to my husband. Make out orders for the tradesmen or give myself a manicure. Have a friend in.

10.15 p.m. Cream my face, pin up my hair, take a bath and the slow route to bed.





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Theatre Royal in the Desert

(Continued from page 17)

where a theatre never was before—and never dreamed of being. Hereabout Cæsar, Marc Antony, Scipio, Hannibal, Alexander the Great, Belisarius, Xerxes—all the heroes of ancient time, made battlegrounds. Here, in this incredible war, mechanical monsters roar, aeroplanes swoop and dive, and horrors that the ancients never imagined in nightmares are accepted as the usual daily round. Yet here comes a show, here come dainty dancers from Britain, soubrettes, comediennes and comedians, singers, instrumentalists—here comes the theatre to take its part in war. Egypt and all the areas around it know the ENSA shows, so does Palestine—and they go now right up into Iran, Iraq, and even to the borders of Ethiopia. They bump over trackways, they plough through sands where at one time only camels passed. They travel light—everything reduced to the barest necessities. They play through sandstorms—and those are the only things which sometimes stop them. But when they abate they start all over again—for the show must go on.

But the players love it, they love the strangeness, the excitement, the sights they see, the places they visit. And above all the delight of the men—that pays for all. For two years now this service has gone on. Alice Delysia, who went with a company headed by Sir Seymour Hicks, was the first star to go to the Middle East for troop entertainment, and although her normal visit should have finished long ago and she could have returned, she enjoys it so much that she is still there—away in the wilds—delighting the services. More stars are to go—but mostly it is the "little people" of the profession who have done this great work. Good, first-class competent artists who are real troupers—who have not achieved the glory of West End electric lights maybe, but who know just the stuff to give them. And when they come back all they ask is to go over there again. Sutherland Felce, one of London's best compères, is there now with a show, and sends enthusiastic reports.

But beside the living show there is a first class service of film entertainment also provided, and broadcasting fills in the gaps. A new service in this respect has just been laid on. ENSA supervises and does all the technical work of a big new recording plan which is now in full swing. Programmes are recorded and sent overseas for transmission to troops only. One third of these programmes are made by the Services them-

selves, one third by the B.B.C. itself, a splendid gesture of war work, and the remaining third is made by ENSA—and ENSA distributes and organises it all. Qualified officers run the entertainment overseas, ENSA men in uniform. They are picked for their ability as organisers and also have to possess a first-class knowledge of handling artists and shows. One of them is a well-known actor with a distinguished record in the last war—Lance Fairfax.

It is the live shows which are most appreciated. Imagine the excitement when fresh, pretty girls suddenly arrive over the rim of the desert and give a first-class revue hundreds of miles from any form of civilisation. The pictures which accompany this article are of "Girls in Uniform," a revue produced for ENSA by Archie De Bear, which, before it went East, ran for just on two years all over the camps in the United Kingdom. Doris Palmer, the well-known soubrette, is its leading lady—its other performers and its girls are all from the West End, and the pictures show how they—and their audiences—react to the job. They just love it, all of them. This desert theatre is one of the milestones of dramatic history. Never before has such a thing happened, never before has the theatre gone into the Eastern battlefield, never before has any one imagined that it would be possible for troops, battle weary and bored by the never changing desert, to get the sudden tonic and freshener of a bright, cheery, up-to-date revue, played by people from home, real troupers, real professionals, who know their work to the last note and step and who take the greatest pride in suffering inconvenience, sleeping in extraordinary billets, travelling in extraordinary ways, far from home, with miles of dangerous ocean between them and their people. But these ENSA folk believe in their job, they know they are doing real National Service, and if they had any doubts, these vanish the moment they play before an audience in the Middle East whose delight and gratitude and enjoyment is the highest reward that show business can offer. It is a far cry from Drury Lane to the desert, but the spirit of that grand old theatre inspires them all.

ENSA in the East is one of the most romantic stories of the history of the theatre—one day it will be told in detail, and full credit given. But now—the show goes on.

END

Books (Continued from page 29)

suppose it will be "One Pair of Eyes"—in a tank factory? or "One Pair of Ears"—in radiolocation?

I HAVE said before that George Sava is never dull. Only his slickness makes his experiences too coincidental. None the less I recommend "A Tale of Ten Cities" (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) in which he tells of visits to ten European capitals, all of which he knows well. There is a wealth of incidental wisdom to be picked up in every chapter whether he is writing about hospital students in Sofia, a psycho-analyst in Berlin (quite incredible), or Madame Lupescu in Bucharest. There is much, too, that is topical. I heartily recommend reading this story by story, at intervals, so that an overdose does not make the otherwise credible seem incredible. Particularly good is "Rome."

In "The Farm by the Lake" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) Crichton Porteous again gives a novel of farming life. It is a simple story of a town-bred girl from Barrow going into service on a Derbyshire farm, and of her experiences. Its simplicity is perhaps deceiving for this is an artistic effort, and the people are as natural as the soil they cultivate. Not an important book, I feel, but very good.

From the so-called peace of a farm it is a regular stretch to imagine yourself in charge of an American Zoo. "My Life in a Man-made Jungle" (Faber & Faber, 12s. 6d.) is a

positive vade-mecum to some of the do's and don'ts of running a zoo. After only eighteen months' experience Belle J. Benchley found herself in charge of San Diego Zoo, and then her adventures started. She tells with unimaginative charm of her adventures with animals of every type and sort, of their care in hospitals, of their food, of their problems and their emotions. Every animal lover—and who isn't?—will enjoy these modern jungle stories for the first-class production that this book is. Especially I recommend the chapters devoted to those very delightful gorillas, Mbongo and Ngagi. Miss Benchley's particular friends, the largest gorillas in captivity—if you can so call their idealised existence.

THIS month's thriller is only half a thriller—"Curses Come Home," by Charles E. Vivian (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.). It starts off as a full-blooded murder story, with the most human detective I have yet come across, and then develops into the love story of Caris and Barry based on a hat shop off Edgware Road. All this is very pleasantly written, and a snap ending suddenly gives the solution of the murder, though not with sufficient detail for all the clues to be satisfactorily explained. The skill of the writing almost carries the idea to success, but not quite.

END

Britannia & Eve for July 1942



Emily



Courtney



Cadet

happiness afoot

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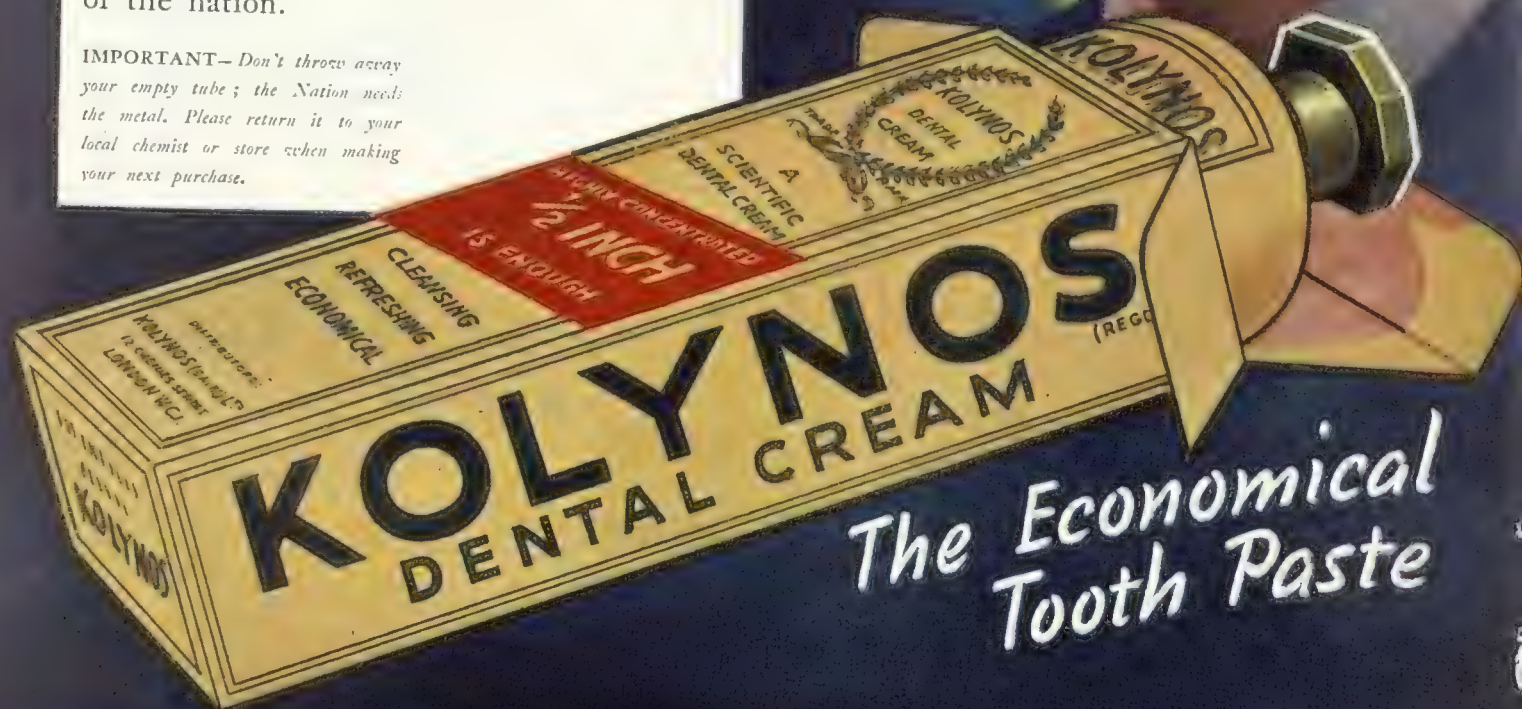
300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD. (London Office): 17/18 OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Spotlight on Service



NEVER before have the women of England played so prominent a part in serving their country. The W.A.A.F. is but one of the many spheres of activity in which they have shouldered responsibilities and proved their sterling worth. In cultivating efficiency, personal appearance has not been overlooked. Care of the teeth, for instance, has been of vital importance. Hence the popularity of KOLYNOS, the cleansing and refreshing tooth paste, which is rendering such an essential service to the health of the nation.

IMPORTANT— Don't throw away your empty tube; the Nation needs the metal. Please return it to your local chemist or store when making your next purchase.



*The Economical
Tooth Paste*

Old Tales Re-told (Continued from page 24)

rear. When Eleanor inspected the ground chosen for the encampment she rejected it as bare and arid. Unconcerned with reasons of strategy and safety she flatly refused to consider it. Below she could see valleys green with vegetation. Palm trees seemed purposely grouped together to form shady oases. The delicate green of olives turned silver when ruffled by the cooling breeze. Her fanciful nature could not resist the temptation to behold her beautiful body-guard resting from their labours in that garden of Eden. So she disregarded the order of King Louis and turned a deaf ear to the persuasions of Count Maurienne. Her tents were pitched where the landscape was more inviting. Directly the Amazons dismounted they ran towards a cascade pouring down the rock face into a pool of limpid water. There they freed their hot, chafed bodies from breast-plates and chain mail, and plunged into the cool water which effaced all thought of war from their minds as quickly as it washed off the marks on their fair skins of straps and buckles.

Days went by while they waited for the king to bring up the main army. Days that were beguiled by songs and dances, and the music of the harp and lute. But all the time the Arabs were stealthily crawling nearer and nearer. From bush to bush they crept, skilfully hiding large forces at the entrance to the valley so as to intercept the oncoming crusaders and cut off the happy Amazons. When King Louis arrived on the heights of Laodicea he found the place deserted. Following the downward track he entered the labyrinth of rocks leading to the valley, which was the very thing he had meant to avoid at all costs, for it was here, a few weeks before, that Conrad's army had been cut to pieces. He had not proceeded far when a shower of darts fell from every side on the vanguard of the main army. The attack was so sudden and devastating that the most frightful panic broke out. Hand to hand fighting in disordered groups was all the resistance that could be offered. United action was impossible. Louis, isolated from

the rest, had to climb a tree and defend himself by slashing at those who tried to reach him. He acquitted himself valiantly, and at length succeeded in gathering together his crusaders between the Saracens and the valley. The fight lasted until night was well advanced, and it was not till dawn that he reached the camp, where Eleanor was absorbing poetic inspiration and her nymphs were flirting with the Apollos of the escort. Only the great love he bore her saved King Louis from strangling the author of this debacle.

They were all now faced by the grim task of saving their lives before it was too late. There was no time to pack. The Saracens had not molested the rich camp because they considered it already virtually taken, but there was no doubt that they would soon fall on it like vultures.

The flight began while the king was disposing his forces to cover the retreat. The Amazons rode in a body to Antioch, where Eleanor's exuberance was restrained by the unhappiness of the king. Louis had suffered the characteristic troubles of husbands who are blessed with a young and attractive wife. Eleanor's disobedience to the king's orders had cost the lives of seven thousand brave men and the loss of much valuable baggage.

Several other attempts were made to conclude the campaign successfully, but after the failure of the siege of Damascus the king gave it up. In the year 1148 he returned to France, having lost both the war and the affection of his wife.

Destiny had reserved for Eleanor of Aquitaine the crown of England, and as indirect atonement for the failure of the Holy War she gave birth to a son whose valour in defence of the Holy Sepulchre gained him eternal glory. To him she gave the name of Richard, and the world added the nickname "Lionheart."

If we concede the fact that male children generally take after their mothers, it is not difficult to discern the same motive in Eleanor and her son—whereas to him it brought glory to her farcical failure.

END

This Is Their Day (Continued from page 35)

efficiently, and on your own initiative. Drivers can eat where they like, sleep where they like, take what route they like. So long as they arrive within a reasonable time limit and with the lorry intact, they are their own bosses.

Railway vouchers are issued for the return journey, but it is a remarkable fact that most of the M.T.C. drivers prefer to hitch-hike back to headquarters.

To become an M.T.C. driver you must be over thirty-one years of age or have children of your own under fourteen. You also need a good civilian driving record.

After passing the corps test, you go for three weeks' training in corps discipline, map reading, car maintenance and running repairs. You pay seven and sixpence for this course and keep yourself.

You are not asked to become a skilled mechanic, but you must be bright. New lorries don't often break down, but if it should be necessary to change a wheel, the M.T.C. driver must be able to cope with it.

A few pounds to lay out on a uniform is an essential start. This may cost you seven or eight pounds or more if you like.

Approximate pay is £2 10s. a week, if you are attached to an R.A.F. unit and £2 7s. plus 7s. war bonus if you drive for an ordnance factory. Overtime rates are 5s. for every six hours up to sixty hours.

In both cases, living expenses are your own affair. These, however, are fairly low because meals and digs are mostly taken in official canteens and hostels, where living is cheap.

Working hours average 8 a.m. to 6 p.m., excluding overtime. Time off amounts to one day a week with an extra day for every month's service.

You can rise from driver to cadet officer, section officer, company cadet officer and ensign in the M.T.C. Officers continue to drive if they wish and pay rises a little according to rank, though this is controlled by the factory or the Air Force unit concerned.

Don't think of joining the M.T.C. if you are afraid to crank a five ton lorry or hitch-hike your way home. Don't assume you couldn't do these things, either, unless you have seen the charming and supremely feminine women who are doing it.

FACTORY WORKER

The notion that all factory work is exhausting and noisy and dirty and monotonous is nonsense. Conditions vary according to the employers and the type of work concerned, but many of the great factories—and lots of the smaller ones—in this country operate under conditions of comfort, cleanliness and social well-being with which office workers, on an average, are unfamiliar.

In fact, the hardest factor in connexion with factory service is the need, which frequently arises, to leave home and live as well as work under strange conditions.

In full appreciation of this the Ministry of Labour are encouraging, with all the means at their disposal, the movement of groups of women into factory work. That is to say, if several women friends are prepared to volunteer for work in an industrial centre away from their homes, the Ministry is co-operating to ensure that they remain a team.

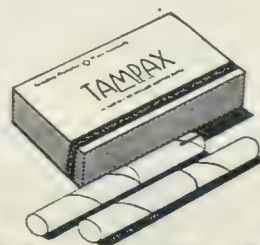
Commencing pay in the average factory is £3 for unskilled work. £2 is the minimum in an engineering factory. Piece work rates afford higher pay and there is generally opportunity to increase pay by overtime. In the heavy (Continued on page 54)

winning the war of freedom



Women's tasks today leave no room for disabilities. The active non-stop life of the war-worker demands freedom of action never before known. In this, Tampax—sanitary protection worn internally—is woman's best ally. Today it is used by thousands of workers in every field of service.

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Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.

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MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR.

industries it is true that there are some high salaries, but these are reached by virtue of skill and hard work alone.

Lodgings near the factory are arranged by the billeting authorities unless workers prefer to make their own plans. Accommodation varies with the type of neighbourhood and the pressure upon space. Twenty-five shillings a week for a furnished bedroom, breakfast and high tea is a reasonable usual charge. All other meals can be taken cheaply and excellently in the factory canteen.

In Midland and Northern industrial centres, Government hostels for factory personnel are growing up rapidly and provide accommodation comparable with a first-rate hotel, at a very reasonable cost.

A day's routine in a factory is difficult to trace since it varies with the type of work concerned. In any case, work starts at 7.30 or 8 o'clock. You may be working alone at a machine in a spacious workshop, or at a bench with other women. On the other hand you may be on a machine or at a bench assisting a man or several men skilled in

This Is Their Day

some other branch of the work concerned.

In the heavy industries, there is dirty work to do, but the percentage of women employed on this type of work is, I should say, quite small as compared with the numbers who do a neat job depending upon accuracy and the rapid manipulation of some machine. Extra clothing coupons are allotted to operatives in the messier types of work.

There is a quarter of an hour's break for tea in the canteen at mid-morning, an hour for lunch and a half-hour in the afternoon for tea. Social and recreational facilities after working hours are usually arranged.

In conference with women who have left their homes to do factory work, I have had the same assurance again and again. "Everyone is friendly and co-operative if you are the same yourself. Factory life isn't a bit what I expected."

It is a brand new world to a lot of them and they like it.

END

The Price of Fish (Continued from page 28)

cost of fish! I also remembered that bomb splinter between my teeth.

Shoppers seem to expect a steady inflow of toothsome fish, after two and a half years of the cruellest, bitterest war known, plus the newly past incredible winter, as if peace still reigned.

Skipper Sayers told me the full story of that voyage when I accompanied him to his favourite fishing grounds some weeks ago. My own trip had its excitements, such as a questing E-boat that decided we weren't worth a torpedo, but tried machine-gun fire until a shot from our twelve pounder sent him scurrying away, invisible in the smoke of his own mad exhausts. At least seven enemy aircraft paid us compliments, either with ill-aimed bombs or cannon fire. We saved four R.A.F. men, crew of a Wellington that had concentrated Lubeck, before its engines gave out midway across the grey, windy North Sea. We were fortunate enough to witness a combined air and sea attack on a coastwise convoy of sturdy little freighters, which went into action with the sweet precision of a battle fleet. Indeed, we sent a couple of bursts of Lewis gun fire into a limping Dornier that passed close enough to serve as a target.

BUT these were merely the incidentals of wartime fishing life; the average business routine, according to Sayers, who mine-swept all through the last war, but is—he regrets it—too old to be on active service in this. Though if any combatant man has a tougher time than my skipper, I'd like to meet him.

Here then is the story as told by Skipper Sayers, not in his own broad vernacular, which might be unintelligible to many who protest against the high cost of fish, but trimmed ready for general consumption, like the cod and plaice and halibut he so systematically dumps ashore on that north-east port's fish quay, winter and war notwithstanding.

The *Lochallen* went out as normal for a wartime fishing trip—ten days of it. War-time normal, of course, because she is armed against the many types of aggression likely to come her plodding way, from her twelve pounder aft to her machine guns. The twelve pounder is defence against E-boats or even—it sometimes happens—U-boats. It has been used frequently to explode distant floating mines. Her twin Lewis guns are handy against sudden swooping dives by Focke-Wulfs or Dorniers, which would exaggerate her sinking into something heroic and gigantic. Otherwise, however, the *Lochallen* is just an honest 230-ton trawler, of an oldish vintage. I'd sailed as interested passenger in her frequently in piping time of peace. We'd gone to Iceland, the Faroes, the White Sea, for Sayers hunts fish where they are fat and best found. In the main her crew was different from my previous shipmates: these were ancient, horny men. The youngsters were all either wearing Navy

uniform or dead: in the *Rawalpindi* and *Jervis Bay*; or in one or other of the innumerable minesweepers whose fate the Admiralty regrets to report, as a sort of afterthought, in the six o'clock news bulletin.

For her first four days the trawler encountered little that was noteworthy, bar one air attack that was checked by the twin Lewis guns, handled by the skipper in person. "I'm feared I didn't bag the dirty swine," he fretted. "Shootin' was a bit wildish, us standin' on our nose most part o' the time. Weather? Ay, we found *weather*!"

Out on her lawful occasions, Skipper Sayers told me, the little plucky ship ran into fog, of baffling thickness, the first day. Groping along through this smother "by guess and by God," they were all but cut in halves by a hurrying destroyer—British.

"Her screw-thresh washed us down, good and proper," admitted the skipper. "We might well ha' been a dodgasted U-boat from our looks, an' did the Navy bawl us out for gettin' in the way? Fine swearers in the Service—ah! Then he comes back to warn us a good few floaters were up an' doin' . . ."

"Floaters are loose mines, innocuous, if British, deadly dangerous if German. Although warned, the *Lochallen's* work lay in among these floating threats. Fish was needed, and a few floaters must be chanced—a mere casual sea hazard.

Risks notwithstanding, the trawl was shot on every possible occasion; but that section of the North Sea—no more the German Ocean now than ever!—is so littered with sunken wrecks, mined, torpedoed or bombed, that trawling had to be done with one hand on the engine-room telegraph and the other reaching for a lifebelt.

With the *Lochallen* labouring in high cold seas a Hun airman came seeking another glorious victory. The convoys were kept in harbour by stress of weather; maybe this air-knight wanted an Iron Cross! Two of his bombs almost hit the trawler; would have done so but for dexterous helmsmanship; as it was the ship was lifted clean from the water to settle back with a shattering crash. Her small boat was mangled by splinters. Her rudder was distorted; she steered badly after this attack. But Sayers was certain his Lewis guns had scored a hit—although the Ju 88 didn't crash in his sight.

"I saw hull collops fly off'n her," he declared. "I bet we filleted him all right." Shaken, the *Lochallen* continued her trip. Her main pumps dealt adequately with the leaks caused by wrenched plates, but down below, in cuddy and fo'c'sle it was damp and cold.

When fishing was out of the question—in high seas the 'scend of a labouring ship is prone to tear the trawl to ribbons—the crew cleared ice or tried to keep warm over the stove. When possible they fished, maintaining the usual three-hourly trawl. Their usual grounds were (Continued on page 56)



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*The dirt track was
his joy, but Guy
Says now he 'tracks
dirt' in the sky*

He fairly takes the biscuit!

—and Weston **MAKES** the biscuit

There are times—many times—when the RAF ask just for a hot drink and a few biscuits. Which means that the RAF need a lot of biscuits.

The four Weston factories are playing a large part in the effort to satisfy the needs of all the Services and of the general public, but in certain districts deliveries are suspended by Government order so as to save transport.

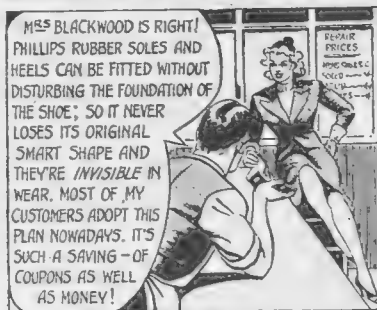
Should you be unable to buy Weston Biscuits you may at least look forward to the time when you can again choose them—for quality and economy.

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restore health and happiness is 'California Syrup of Figs,' Nature's own laxative. The wise mother follows the advice of doctors and nurses and gives a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative each week. Obtainable everywhere. Be sure to emphasize 'CALIFORNIA.'

The Price of Fish

indifferently filled with cod and flounder: haul after haul brought up nothing better than a "bag of dogs"—that is, dog-fish, of no edible value, though their livers can be used as a substitute for cod-livers.

THE cold went below zero; north the ship trudged until its fishing was done through a scum of sea-ice.

They went on fishing. Occasionally, when the cod-end was untied over the fish-pens, handsome, toothsome fish cascaded to the deck. Only in small quantities, though. A full haul of prime fish can keep all hands and the cook busy cleaning the catch during the ensuing three-hour trawl; and once, in peace time when I was sailing shipmates with Sayers, he filled his fish-room to the beams in thirty-six hours, landing a catch that sold for fourteen hundred pounds. But on this voyage the *Lochallen's* men found lots of leisure—too much. But gales worsened, and the fisherman's main dread—that pouring seas might burst in their decks and cause them to founder without a cat-in-hell's chance—troubled them.

A British reconnaissance plane spotted a rubber dinghy adrift way to the east, and signalled the *Lochallen*. The castaways were as likely to be Britons as Huns. The trawler trudged away, slap into an enemy minefield, to "mak' siccar." The dinghy, when retrieved, held only German airmen—frozen to death.

"We didn't cry over 'em," said Sayers. "They'd likely been bombin' Lowestoft."

Being practical men they buried the dead and salvaged the dinghy and everything else that might have value, including the pilot's log, tucked away in his flying-suit.

When conditions permitted fishing was resumed. They exploded no fewer than seven floating mines during this fine spell. Often they heard the punctuated roar of enemy aircraft overhead; but low cloud prevented attack, though several times they stood to at their guns, as this hum or that came diving through the dingy canopy. But the iced hull, labouring in white foam, must have been practically invisible—thanks to Nature's camouflage. Often, too, they heard the thresh of E-boats, racing out on foul business against the shore-hugging convoys, but fog befriended them. They saw mostly shadows in the obscurity, though not seldom the shadows, hurrying, belched flame-jets in their direction, jets to which the handy twelve pounder aft—shaken by bombings but still serviceable—replied with the spitting of an angry tom-cat.

"Weren't you scared to draw their fire?" I asked as the skipper got thus far. He wagged his wise old head. "Twice we forced 'em to 'bout-ship an' run home," he reported. "The least we could do—maybe we saved a bigger ship, a more useful ship. What do we old-timers matter so long as the convoys get through?" That, I make report, is the spirit of to-day's veteran fishermen—descendants of warriors who went out in cobbles and hoys to tackle the flying Armada in 1588. As it was, so shall it ever be!

They fished until their provisions threatened to run short—though fishing folk prefer fish of their own catching to the most succulent meats of the land. Indeed, they grow fish-hungry when deprived of their staple food for a thirty-six hour stretch. But there are small stores to be considered, and there is always fuel—the expenditure of coal is heavy to-day, when fast runs must be made through risky stretches, and aircraft have to be dodged at full pelt of the overstrained engines.

Thus, with some twelve days' incredible hardships to their credit—and I have glossed over the worst of these—they came wallowing home, chased by high, bitter, following seas, and with a fish-room whose shelves were hardly covered with their gleanings. Twelve days out—and every hour an epic of endurance! But they brought home fish for Britain's hungry mouths, feeling they bore part and lot with the coastwise men of the convoys and the Atlantic warriors of the farther seas—all working with set teeth and taut muscles to keep our island inviolate.

END

This Is Dressy

(Continued from page 40)

beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 40 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew yokes together by their shaped edges (which form shoulder seams). Sew yokes on to bodice. Sew the ribbons to sides of yoke as in illustration, having a piece of each colour each side. Make an artificial bow and end of each colour. Sew down flatly on to jersey. Run a gathering thread round upper part of armhole to prevent it stretching to more than 16 ins. all round. Sew in sleeves. Sew on press studs.

This Is Tailored

(Continued from page 40)

row until there are 2½ ins. along edge nearest the "cast off 8" groups. Now k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are no sts. left.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Work as left with shapings at opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With No. 10 needles, cast on 52 sts. Work stocking st. and m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 72 sts. Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 18 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKETS (two alike)

With No. 11 needles, cast on 32 sts. Work k. 2; p. 2 rib for 4 ins. Cast off.

THE CUFFS (two alike)

Cast on 24 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2; p. 2 rib for 7 ins. Cast off.

TO FINISH FRONTS

Pick up 120 sts. down left front from start of increasing of revers to lower edge, with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2; p. 2 rib for 12 rows. Cast off. Pick up the same number of stitches on right edge and work 5 rows k. 2; p. 2 rib. Now work buttonholes as follows: Work 2, *cast off 3, work 11, rep. from * to end of row, ending work 3. Next row: *Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 3 sts., turn, rep. from * to end of row. Work 5 more rows. Cast off.

THE RIBBED REVERS (two alike)

Cast on 36 sts. with No. 11 needles. Work k. 2; p. 2 rib for 14 rows. Cast on 10 sts. at beg. of next row. K. 2 tog. at opposite edge to cast on 10 sts. on every other row until there are 26 sts. Work straight until there are 6 ins. from the 10 cast on sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press well. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on cuffs and pockets and buttons. Sew ribbed revers on to others with a very neat edge. Sew tops of front rib to revers.

END

Guest Writer

(Continued from page 27)

She shook her head. "They do not have it here."

"How about champagne cocktails?"

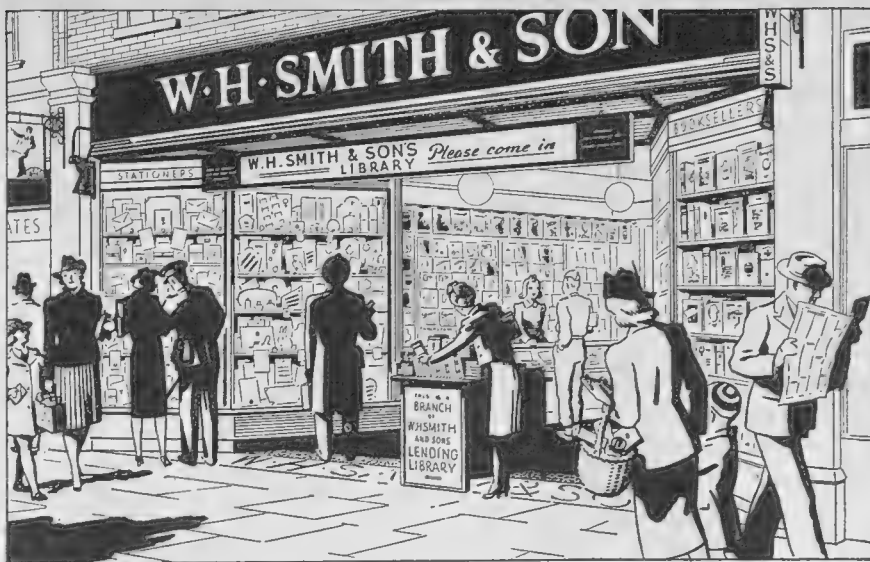
She looked pleased. "I love champagne."

"It's getting hard to get, I hear." Hall beckoned a waiter.

"Everything is hard to get; there is only one thing that is not rationed," said Miss Larsen.

Wilbur Hall looked at her pretty closely. He remembered the way she had poured the vodka down and a whisky and soda after. From the look of her he judged she had had more drinks since. "You wouldn't have to worry; we'd all keep our coupons for you," he said.

(Continued on page 58)



It's hard, after 150 years of delivery service, to have to ask customers to fetch their own newspapers, but that is what it is coming to in many districts where staff shortage* is making house to house delivery impossible. In some cases we are able to meet customers half way by leaving the papers for a group of neighbours at a central point for individual collection. Sometimes we can only have the papers ready for collection at the shop or bookstall, in which case customers usually arrange a rota. But for even a small group, say a dozen households, this means no more than two before-breakfast trips a month.

Need we say to those of our customers affected that we are sorry for the inconvenience? We certainly want to say thank you to them for the friendly co-operation they are showing.



* More than 3,000 W.H.S. employees are now serving with the Forces.

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Single Dose 2d.

Cephos
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THE PHYSICIANS'
REMEDY

"That is sweet of you," she watched the waiter carrying two goblets of champagne, a cherry sunk at the bottom of each glass.

Hall handed her one glass and took the other. "Here's to victory," he lifted his glass.

"To victory!" Her face grew solemn for a moment and in that instant there came to Hall the first suspicion. Why that look as she said "To victory"? Her country was not at war.

"What do you think about?" she asked. He looked straight in her eyes. "I was wondering which side you are on?"

She met his gaze levelly. "Nobody's, I am a Swede."

"When you were at the hotel you said you hated the Germans after what you had seen them do—I mean to London."

"That was horrible," she shivered. "The noise, the flames, the bodies under the buildings," her eyes became wide. "Have you ever seen a child that has been killed by a bomb—just the blast you know; the little body lying there!"

He stared at her. She had only arrived a few days ago; Steve had told him so on the phone. London had not been bombed for months!

He said: "Let us forget all that for to-night."

"All right." She put her arm through his as they went into the restaurant. It was then he knew that she was tight. As they walked to their table she clung over heavily to his arm and swayed. Vodka, whisky, cocktails, which he could only guess at, and champagne. This would explain her solemn look when she had drunk to victory, and might account for her hallucination that she had seen the actual bombing of London.

Food helped to straighten her out. When a space had been cleared he took her on the floor. She danced well, but wanted more to drink as soon as they sat down. Watching her tip her glass as soon as it was filled, he thought he would have to take her home. He said: "I shan't be able to stay long; I have got a big day to-morrow."

"You are seeing the Press in the morning," she reminded him.

So she had remembered that! Maybe her brain was not affected, only her legs; she certainly clung on when they danced.

"But you are going to see me to-night."

"I'm doing that, aren't I?"

"Not here," she drank some more brandy.

"Not here what?"

"It is cosy at my flat, you look so young, so nice; you please me very much."

"I'm nearly forty," he told her.

"And you are a bachelor! I know. It was in the papers."

"Yes, I'm a bachelor."

Suddenly she put her hand up, holding her wrist and part of her forearm across her eyes. A moment later there was a flash as a cameraman took a photo of their corner.

"For the papers," Charlotte Larsen said, removing her arm but watching the cameraman.

"Why didn't you want to be in it?"

"Because I always look so silly in a flash-light; I always close my eyes."

They stayed on a little longer, then he called for the bill. "How about going?" he asked.

She got up, putting her hand against the wall.

"How far do you live?" he asked, when they were outside.

"Not far, but I am afraid to walk in the blackout; there is a taxi stand over there," she pointed to a chain of dimmed lights.

"I'll get one; you stay here." He stepped out into the road.

Crossing to the rank he engaged the first taxi and came back with it. He could not see her in the darkness and called out: "Hallo there! Where are you?"

The restaurant commissioner, who had been attending to other customers, came forward. "Are you looking for the lady, sir?"

"Yes, the lady I came out with a minute ago."

The commissioner went back inside and out again. "She is not inside, sir."

Wilbur Hall looked up and down the street; the night was extremely dark. "Where can she be?" he said.

The commissioner thought a moment. "There was a lady left a minute or two ago, sir; she was standing alone just inside the door."

"Tall, with fair hair?"

"Yes, sir."

"She left, did she?" Wilbur Hall was puzzled.

A woman, who had also been in the restaurant came up to him. "Are you looking for the lady you were with?"

"I certainly am."

"Excuse my asking, was she a little under the weather?"

"She had had a few drinks," Hall admitted.

"I thought she had," the woman said.

"She came staggering into the cloak room while I was doing my face; she was talking to herself in German."

"Swedish, you mean."

"No, German; she kept saying: 'I can't do it—can't do it!' That's German isn't it?"

She gave the German words.

"Sounds like it to me," Hall agreed. "But what can't she do?"

The woman looked at his young face with greying hair at the temples. She was a kindly soul, so she said: "I don't know."

WILBUR HALL never saw the girl again, but two days later, after he had been inquiring for her whereabouts, he was invited to go and see a British official. The latter explained.

"That girl was not Miss Larsen," he said.

"She broke down when we told her we had sent a radio photograph of her to the paper in Stockholm she said she was employed by."

"She was not Miss Larsen!" Hall exclaimed.

"No. Miss Larsen became infected with measles in Berlin—purposely, of course. While she was in an isolation ward her papers were taken from her and the photograph of the girl you have been seeing was substituted. The girl was told to find out what she could while she was here and then get out again. She has admitted she is one of Nicolai's agents. Colonel Nicolai you know—he was their chief man in the last war, and is still functioning. At one time he was about the best man at his job in the world. His methods are so good. In this case he had found out that Charlotte Larsen was not known to any of her own countrymen in England, and he thought the British authorities would have no means of checking her identity while she was in the country. He had overlooked radio photography. That is the worst of employing last war veterans."

"She was a rotten agent," Hall said; "she drank too much. And she fell down on her job." He described how the woman who had spoken to him in the lounge of the restaurant had heard the girl saying: "I can't do it," in German.

"She is hysterical still," the British official said. "I gather from her own confession that Colonel Nicolai knew you were coming over, and that you were to be her special task."

"Why should that make her want to get tight?" Wilbur Hall asked.

The British official looked out of the window. "Well, the old colonel seems to have been a bit blunt. According to the girl he said to her: 'You'll have to be very friendly with him to do any good.'"

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

combines iron, calcium, and sodium phosphates with malt extract.

To keep your figure at its best while you are either losing or gaining weight, here are five minutes' worth of the easiest, laziest, and most efficient exercises I have ever come across, and the best time to do them is in the morning while you are still in bed. Arrange one pillow under your head and kick off the top bedclothes, lie on your back, and draw up your knees. The first three exercises are merely tummy breathing:—

(1) Breathe in, keeping your chest still, and allowing your tummy to blow out like a balloon. Then contract the muscles of your tummy and while you do so, put your hands on your chest and feel it lifting. Repeat this a dozen or eighteen times.

(2) Forget the breathing-in business but contract your tummy towards your backbone. If you do this properly there will be a crease across your waistline, and if you put your hand on your tummy you will feel this crease. Repeat the tummy contractions twelve times to begin with, and later eighteen times.

(3) Place the palms of your hands under your "tail" and, drawing your tummy in, raise yourself on your feet. This is called pelvis tilting.

Remember that with all three exercises your knees must be drawn up and the soles of your feet flat on the bed.

(4) For this exercise you draw your knees right up on to your chest; holding on to the sides of the bed with each hand and keeping your shoulders flat on the bed, you swing your knees first to one side until they touch the mattress, and then over to the other.

(5) Stretch your legs out flat on the bed, draw one knee up on to your chest (keeping the other leg flat), point your foot towards the ceiling, and let the foot go down slowly until it is on the bed again. Repeat with the other leg.

Score Even

(Continued from page 12)

near the bottom of the lifeboat: "I 'ear 'er diesels throbbin', sir. She's chargin'."

"She should hear our oars," said the skipper grimly, "for two or three miles. Be sure you keep those oars creaking, men! If you still hear his engines in half an hour, she's following us and we'll make a real score this time!"

After that there was tensity. The boat pitched and rolled and wallowed. She pointed her bow successively at all the invisible stars beyond the cloud-curtain. Some water came in, and the two firemen in undershirts wrapped themselves firmly in the clammy, wetted canvas. There were a few muttered jokes. But mostly the men listened.

"Time yet, sir?" asked the man in the bottom of the boat. "I still 'ear 'er, and the throbbin's a bit louder."

"Then keep the oars creaking," said the skipper, "and you can count on making the score more even by morning."

It was cold in the boat, during the dark hours. The men who rowed were warmed by their exercise. The others huddled under the sail. They rowed, and rowed, and rowed. Always one man listened for the sound of diesels. He heard the wash of water and the magnified noise of his comrades' movements, too, of course. But always he heard the distant, monotonous throbbing sound. It was somehow comforting. But just after midnight it cut off abruptly.

"Allo, sir! 'Er diesels cut off!"

Silence. The skipper's word was awaited anxiously. Nobody knew what he had in mind, but most of these men had sailed on the *Stoddart* more than one voyage. They knew him. They waited expectantly.

"Keep listening," said the skipper shortly, after an instant. "How about other engines?"

A long, long wait. (Continued on page 60)



Mix the children's Horlicks with water only—the milk is already in it

Mothers who keep Horlicks for their children, because of its energy-giving and body-building value, find it a comfort to know that this delicious, nourishing drink makes no demands on the milk supply.

The correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it. Mixed with water only, Horlicks is a complete food-drink for children.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

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CRISP DIALOGUE

He: Must keep my mind clear for to-day's big job.

She: That's why you're having a Vita-Weat breakfast.

He: It's certainly easy on the digestion.

She: It's got plenty of Vitamin B in it, too.

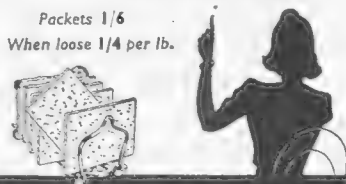
He: And it tastes as good as it's good for you.

She: Easy on it, though. We can't get as much as we'd like.

He: We'll ration ourselves now—but we'll go all out on Vita-Weat after the war.

Packets 1/6

When loose 1/4 per lb.



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PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

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It's divine!

It's distinctive!

It's **DIFFERENT**
Tattoo!



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• METAL MAKES GUNS!
Keep your Tattoo holder:
buy refills, especially in the
6/6 size.

6/6 inc. Purchase Tax
(refills 4/4 inc. Purchase Tax)
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(refills 2/2 inc. Purchase Tax)

NOW
TEN
SHADES

TATTOO
your lips!

"Aye!" said the listening man at long last. "I catch 'em now! Fair boom'n', they are!"

"Destroyer," said the skipper. "And she'll have microphones going, too. Our friends know better than to try to torpedo her in the dark, with no lights to aim by. They'll cut their diesels till she goes by. She could make things nasty for them."

The men searched the darkness all about the lifeboat. They saw nothing and heard nothing. And the listener reported that the underwater sound grew vaguely louder and then steadily less until it could no longer be heard at all.

Then the diesels began again. They were very near, as if the periscope that had trailed the squeaking oars had come closer under electric power, and had started to charge her batteries again only when relatively close.

THE night wore on. The men at the oars exchanged their task for a period of huddling under the stiff and wetted sail. Later, they changed again. And because they could not sleep, they talked. Well past midnight a voice said hopefully:

"Ave you got a trick you're going to play, sir? You've spoke as if you 'ad somethink in mind."

"I've hopes of a trick," said the skipper. "I'm not sure. It depends on the landfall we make. I'm hoping to touch somewhere near Baddington Head, with the weather no worse than it is now and the sea all clear round us. I know that place. I was born there. We could play one trick there. Somewhere else we might play another one, but that would be best."

"Could you tell us, sir?"

The skipper said a dozen words in a low voice. There was a chuckle. Then many chuckles. Then the tempo of the oars—which had been growing ragged—tightened up as if by more effort and better discipline the coming of dawn could be hastened.

The diesels stopped finally a full hour before dawn.

When pale grey lightened the east, the skipper looked very tired indeed.

The light grew stronger, and below it was a shore-line, and the sea was empty, and the line of the land presented recognisable peculiarities. Men looked eagerly at the skipper.

"Our landfall's right," he told them. "Baddington Head's up ahead, there. Yonder's where I was born. Hear anything, Jennifer?"

Jennifer, lying in four inches of bilge-water with his ear against the planking:

"No, sir. Leastways, I can't be sure."

The boat went on, its oars rising and falling. Men watched the listening Jennifer anxiously.

"Sometimes," he said bitterly, "I think I 'ear it, an' sometimes I'm sure I don't. There's a sort o' rumblin'—"

"Surf," said the skipper. "Heavy surf. I ought to know! We'll go through with it. If she's trailed us, we score, and if she hasn't, we're asses. That's all. Another mile and we start. Meanwhile, anybody with a nearly dry shirt—"

He stripped off his own, and others were thrust upon him. He bunched them and considered. He had a corner of the soaked, stiffened canvas rolled into a sort of tube. He found matches. He passed the shirts and matches forward.

"You know how to work it—Jennifer?"

"I—I thought I 'eard it, sir," said Jennifer unhappily, "but couldn't swear to it. I've fair burst my ears listenin', sir—"

"Never mind," said the skipper. "Pull ahead. Pull ahead."

The boat progressed. Suddenly its motion grew more violent. Not outrageously but distinctly greater. The waves were higher. The cross-seas more virulent. The oarsmen grinned and pulled harder. Ten minutes. Fifteen. Twenty. The seas returned to their normal, merely uncomfortable height again.

"That'll do it," said the skipper quietly. "Light away."

Matches scratched, one after another. A tiny puff of smoke. A thin trickle. Then a heavy mass of white vapour poured out of the tube of wetted canvas. Wind blew

Score Even

through it, forcing combustion of the cloth and making a cloud of smoke which spread out in a long streak which was vastly more visible than the boat itself.

"Cut it off!" said the skipper. "Now signal. Three short ones first."

Separate, dissipating masses of smoke spread out. Three short streaks. A space. Three long streaks. A space. Three more short ones. S O S.

"Gawd!" said the man in the bow. "'Ere comes somethin'! A destroyer, by gawd! Comin' round the 'Ead!'"

And then Jennifer lifted his face from the bilge-water and said—streaming water—

"I 'ear 'er, sir! I 'ear 'er! She's fair 'ummin'! The sub, sir! She's fair tearin' 'erself apart to get a 'ead of us so she can cut 'er motors an' wait."

The skipper suddenly snapped:

"Steady, there! Steady! If one of you jumps or waves his arms I'll bash his head in!" Then he added, his eyes flaming. "The destroyer settles it. To bag a destroyer would be a score!"

The boat rowed on. The destroyer, miles away, came into full view out round Baddington Head. A watcher on the hilltop had reported the lifeboat's signal. The destroyer came out to see about it.

"I 'ear 'er!" repeated Jennifer in agonised ecstasy. "She's louder, sir! She's comin'."

Men swore in instinctively hushed voices.

"Comin'—she's comin'—" repeated Jennifer in little ecstatic gasps. "'Er motors fair 'ummin'! She's—"

He listened, and listened.

"She stopped!" he said blankly. "She—"

THE skipper deliberately turned in the stern-sheets and stared behind him. For what seemed a full minute there was nothing to be seen but tossing water. When one looked for it—but only then—it was clear that in a certain sharply defined line the waves were higher than elsewhere. Not markedly higher, but higher. They did not break, but they were not the same.

And then, on the farther side of that sign of a sunken ledge of rock, there was suddenly a mass of foam. Bubbles arose and covered the ocean with snowy-white. Then something dark rose in the midst of those bubbles. An angular conning-tower and a bit of slanting deck. The lifeboat suddenly quivered with a distinct throbbing sound which once had been identified as the sound of diesels. The conning-tower and the deck moved forward, but foam spread everywhere.

"Blowing her compressed-air tanks," said the skipper evenly. "Started her diesels. Going to try to ride on her hydroplanes. I'll bet her whole bow is stove in."

In a vast, expanding cloud of foam, the conning-tower and the deck swept forward. The conning-tower rocked and swayed visibly. She came across the waves with the foam of her compressed-air reserves pouring from her, seeming to leak air at every rivet, but fighting to keep afloat.

She almost managed it. She crossed a good half-mile of sea before the foam about her seemed to lessen. She crossed—ironically enough—the rocky ledge which juts out four miles to sea from Baddington Head and necessitates the lighthouse on that promontory.

Then the foam lessened. No longer did vast masses of bubbles pour upward all about her. She settled a little in the water. Fighting magnificently, she went lower and lower—then, quite suddenly, her long tail broke water. It reared upward. She dived.

The foam of her making scattered and died away. Waves from the north-east marched across the face of the waters, and there was a lifeboat pitching and tossing beneath a leaden sky.

But there was a long, grey destroyer coming swiftly. The skipper was first to break the silence.

"Oars, there!" he said curtly. "Don't stand and gawk. Give way! Pull up towards the destroyer." Then he added: "We scored that time. Score's even."

END

To-morrow, We Build

(Continued from page 13)

job. Indeed, much of what has been destroyed may never be rebuilt; or, if rebuilt, will be something so new that in effect a bomb, shell or dynamite charge has done a needed, and perhaps overdue, demolition job.

The really big end of post-war building is straight new construction and development. It is not easy to foresee where this will take us as the forces of construction and growth, released by a smashing of militant aggression and the inauguration of an era of secure and protracted world peace, take hold. One can get glimpses by referring to visible trends, existing facts, announced programmes, plans, and known needs.

Britain has a new planning ministry to direct building and development on a national scale, and the Government has announced a post-war policy of modernising, improving, extending and developing the national capital assets—ports, communications, housing. What Britain plans, most other leading states plan on a smaller or larger, narrower or more comprehensive scale. Additionally, great primary producing countries, like Canada, Australia, India, are getting industrialised, and this means building to come.

THE U.S.S.R., the world's largest contiguous political unit, ranging half-way round the globe and covering a seventh of the land surface, will be performing prodigies of construction during the 'forties and 'fifties. The Chinese leaders have found a new empire in 2,000,000 square miles of middle and western China, and when the Japanese invaders are ousted there may follow development on the lines—if not on the scale—of American western development after the covered-wagon epoch; this apart from rebuilding in the million square miles of occupied China. Everywhere, there will be construction of new settlements, new cities, new factories, new airports, new railways, new highways: all the essential capital equipment of a new world stimulated into growth by the destruction and scattering of the debris of a well-rotted old world.

An economic sprouting in one continent will fertilise latent construction and development in another. The trans-Sahara railway, and the air bases on the northern bulge of Brazil, provide an illustration.

Britain, with the best-housed population anywhere outside Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and Germany, had a shortage of a million houses when war began, and, on the estimate last May of the head of the biggest building society, is accumulating a shortage of a million houses for every year the war runs (that lumps normal replacement along with bomb knock-downs). It therefore looks as though Britain's new-house needs when this war ends could be put conservatively at four to five millions, or rather more than were built in the two decades between the first and second world wars.

Taking this as a yardstick, and checking country by country, it seems that a 20,000,000-house programme for Europe—400,000,000 people living in 2,250,000 square miles, excluding 120,000,000 people living in the 1,492,000 square miles of the U.S.S.R.'s European territories—would be a modest programme.

War destruction has not touched America, but economic depression plus domestic political frictions plus war-programme priority calls on materials and labour, can pile up an immense accumulation of deferred building; and post-war construction in the United States is likely to top the world list.

In the prosperous 'twenties America, with 130,000,000 people, was building an average of 800,000 new houses a year; in the depressed 'thirties, only 180,000 a year. Britain, with 45,000,000 people in 95,000 square miles, worked the other way round, and averaged 140,000 new houses in the 'twenties, and ran as high as 400,000 in the peak year of the 'thirties. Experts reckon that America could do with 50,000,000 dwellings, against an existing 35,000,000 at the end of 1940.

As a people, Americans are not well housed. Millions of their dwellings, especially among the 15,000,000 in rural (Continued on page 62)



The middle-aged are ten years older than you are

MIDDLE-AGE is largely a state of mind; when you're 20 you may think that 30 is middle-aged, when you reach 30 you should move your limit to 40, and so on. Don't think you are a back-number at 35 or 40. Life isn't finished, romance *hasn't* necessarily passed by, opportunity *still* knocks — may even kick the door down!

But after the twenties, you will have to adopt new rules. To keep slim, eat less and cut down on drinks because your body needs less. Open-air exercise is vital—walking is fine, gardening even better. Get all the rest you can — and learn to relax even if you can't sleep.

Keep your mind alert. Take up a hobby; read the latest books, see a good play as often as you can.

★ CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT — This, and other talks to follow, come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products — Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream, Shampoos.

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We are sorry to disappoint you, but the vital needs of the country *must* come first, and the materials which go to the making of 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food are now needed for other and more urgent purposes. Please remember this when you have difficulty in obtaining 'Genasprin' and 'Sanatogen'.

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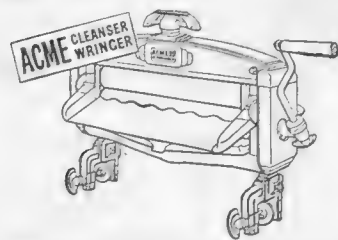
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NERVE-TONIC FOOD



Mrs. Mullins snapped it up...

She was one of the lucky ones — she found an Acme Wringer in the shop even after war had broken out — when Acme's former employees had switched over to action stations. And don't blame the makers if you can't find an Acme on sale to-day — their craftsmen are busy on more serious work elsewhere. And in the meantime you'll just have to borrow Mrs. Mullins' and wait for the day when Acme will be back again in the shops just as good as ever . . .



areas, are obsolete by the lowest modern standards, with earth closets, no plumbing; and no electricity. Behind Washington's palaces and New York's skyscrapers, are slums as squalid as any in London or Glasgow. The fantastic and lovely skyline of New York as you approach at the end of the Atlantic voyage conceals the fact that seventy-five per cent of the city's structures were built before the present century opened, and are devoid of modern amenities.

These conditions are likely to pass with some swiftness after the war.

The Kremlin men, confronted in Moscow with the worst overcrowding of any capital city—Moscow's population had doubled between 1926 and 1936, while the only new building since the revolution consisted of 250 seven-story tenements—were three years on with a fifteen-year rebuilding plan, when Hitler's panzers stopped them. I was shown the layout in 1935, and very impressive it was. It took the Architectural and Planning Commission of the Moscow Soviet five years to produce the plan, a scramble of seven projects produced by teams of Russian and foreign architects. By the time they are through, there won't be much left of the riot of architectural shapes and colours, the golden cupolas inspired by the flames of candles before the Altar of God, the clustering belfries and medieval tangle of streets, which was old Moscow.

That is only one building job which awaits the Russians, although it ranks as probably the greatest engineering and architectural job of our age so far (the London planners could build bigger and even better, if they scrapped as ruthlessly as the Russians have done, and planned with the same sweep and foresight). It will take them years to repair the damage in the towns and industrial centres of the half-million square miles the Germans have swept over. Rebuilding Leningrad, their second largest city, will be a job in itself. Their other cities offer smaller problems. Only a seventh of the 169 ethnic groups inhabiting the Red Empire live in cities anyway. The great bulk of them congregate in simple dwellings, mostly timber, in small towns and villages on the shores of inland seas and lakes, and along the banks of great rivers. But the construction programme for the eastern empire, twice the size of the United States, and the world's richest undeveloped territory, containing now only 40,000,000 people, was colossal before the war, and will be even bigger after it.

What earth the Chinese failed to scorch as they retired, the Jap artillery and incendiaries scorched for them. Shanghai was a burnt-out shell when it fell. More than 140,000 business buildings and houses were demolished. A third of the 23,000 factories and workshops were destroyed. The destruction in Hankow and Canton was probably higher. Chungking, the present capital, is the world's most bombed city. Destruction will mount as the aggressors are driven back, and out.

But apart from all the building that must be undertaken in the zone now occupied, the Free China Government have large plans for the 2,000,000 square miles of "backwoods" area they "discovered" by being forced back into it. It is China's "new empire of the west." Chiang Kai-shek's government has built new industrial plants around which towns will grow. A new railway line is under construction to link the Yangtze Valley to the Irrawaddy and the Indian Ocean. Ten miles a day are being added to an existing 15,000

To-morrow, We Build

miles of roads capable of taking motor traffic. That just gives a one-line sketch of construction work awaiting.

Moving back to the West, one can see that the world which peace will bring will force construction to meet its needs, and that this construction, using new methods, materials, ideas, will change the familiar outlines and habits of the pre-war world. There will be great new road-building programmes designed to speed fast through motor traffic between centres of population and cut down the present appalling traffic casualties. The high cost of limited-access, fast motorways will be met by bond issues amortised in twenty-five to thirty years by toll revenue.

Big-population cities of the future will run higher, and lower: it is the only way to solve the meshed problems of fast traffic, slow traffic, pedestrian traffic, parking, loading, space, air, light, and air services. Traffic may run on two or more levels, according to speed, and whether it is through or stopping. Pedestrians will have their own way level cut off from the traffic ways. We have a glimpse of this future planning in the tube railway station circular promenade and shops below street and traffic level. But the layout of to-morrow will probably take pedestrians above ground level, with shop windows and main office entrances one or two stories up, and motor traffic moving on one or two lower levels.

Buildings will tend to be tall cubes and rectangles, planned "all round"—no fronts and blank rear walls.

Bottleneck and congested approaches to markets and docks, business centres, traffic junctions and termini, airports, and bridges, will be among the curiosities of a yesterday which many people will find almost as difficult to comprehend as we do now when we stop to think about it. Airports will come in from city outskirts, and use the enormous roof space of the central rail terminus and junction, or a great flat concrete expanse made by roofing in a section of the wide river traversing a capital city.

Air conditioning and artificial sunlight will make enclosed spaces healthy and cheerful in all weather conditions. It won't be necessary to open office, shop, factory or flat windows to let in the sun's rays, along with uncleaned outer air, the rumble of ten thousand rolling wheels, the roar of a myriad motor engines. Here again we have a glimpse of what is to come in the modern air-conditioned hotels, and the astonishing new American mass-production bomber plants, half a mile long, five stories high, windowless, air conditioned, the walls made of steel panels with a four-inch cavity stuffed with a new-type spun glass which looks like wool.

Man has been experimenting in community living for a few thousand years. On the social side he seems to have reached the peak in the Middle Ages, with the town gathered round cathedral, guild hall, town hall, and market, handy enough to the countryside to mingle its life with that of the country and vice versa, with events discussed and interpreted by direct contacts between the people of a differentiated but integrated society. Men have lost themselves in the huge, sprawling, smoky, impersonal, jungles and ravines which we call cities to-day. Maybe in the more spacious and friendly cities of to-morrow, men will find themselves again.

END

Posterity Views Austerity

(Continued from page 15)

underground to ruinous, hoochy joints.

But there were always some who got away with it. "In the dining halls of Oxford colleges," one reads, "toasts are still being drunk in fine pre-war sherries and crusted ports—at pre-war prices. Dons buy good port and sherry at 4s. a bottle when they dine in Commons. Champagne is still at 7s. 6d. a half-bottle for sound vintages. The prices of other wines, always sold on a

non-profit-making basis, have not been raised during the war. The dons call it their 'little white market.'"

That is a reference to the black market, one of the last and most shameful manifestations of preying on the community, allowed by a mixture of untried democracy and overtried "free" capitalism. "Corners" were made in anything and everything which the public most needed. The reputed kindly

INDIGESTION

Relieved Instantly!



'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a sour acid stomach, and relieves acute gastric pain, in almost as little time as it takes to tell. For stomach troubles, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, sick headache and acidity; for furred tongue, nausea and upset stomach caused by foods that disagree, there is no finer remedy the world over than 'Milk of Magnesia.' The relief it gives is marvellous— instantaneous! And remember 'Milk of Magnesia' is absolutely harmless. It does its wonderful work by assisting nature. It neutralizes the harmful acids and gently eliminates the fermenting poisons from the system. Doctors prescribe it extensively.

Next time you have indigestion take 'Milk of Magnesia' as directed. You will be delighted at the comfort it brings. Get either the liquid preparation or the remarkable new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

Obtainable everywhere.

* 'Milk of Magnesia' 1/5 and 2/10 (Treble Size). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 7d., 1/1½d., 2/3 and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax).

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
(Regd)

★ 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Creamy. Delicious. Nourishing

ROYAL ARROWROOT DESSERT

EASILY MADE-EASILY DIGESTED. NO SUGAR NEEDED

3 FLAVOURS { CARAMEL CHOCOLATE VANILLA

Equally delicious served HOT or COLD

PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.

English were not being so kind to one another in the proof, albeit many of those involved bore alien names or had borrowed Anglo-Saxon or Gaelic ones to cover themselves, a practice put a stop to in later years. The black market, by producing shortage as the human octopuses clutched supplies to their ugly bosoms, meant a greater frugality— austerity—for many, besides the inequality that it spread. But the most unlikely people seemed to be "in some way connected with it," and stamping it out was a tortuous and never completed process.

A second enemy of the Crippsian Way (which threatened to become a fetish at one stage and grew to be barred from intelligent conversation) seems to have been a widespread robbery and thieving, ranging from the routine lorry hold-up on arterial roads, to pinching prams from underneath sleeping infants. In 1941 alone, more than £1,000,000 worth of merchandise was stolen from the depots of the four British railway companies.

Strange workings of imposed stringency in a land used to a higher standard of living than any other in Europe and suddenly deprived of it!

Turning over some of these musty old newspapers, it almost seems as if a lot of people during that "finest hour" were hit more by ramps and rackets than by stringency regulations and the sterner life. Letters to the Press told an unending tale of profiteering down to such things as rents and furniture—couples contemplating matrimony appear to have been sometimes faced by the choice of sending out SOS's to wedding guests asking them to subscribe towards a bed, or of sleeping on the floor!

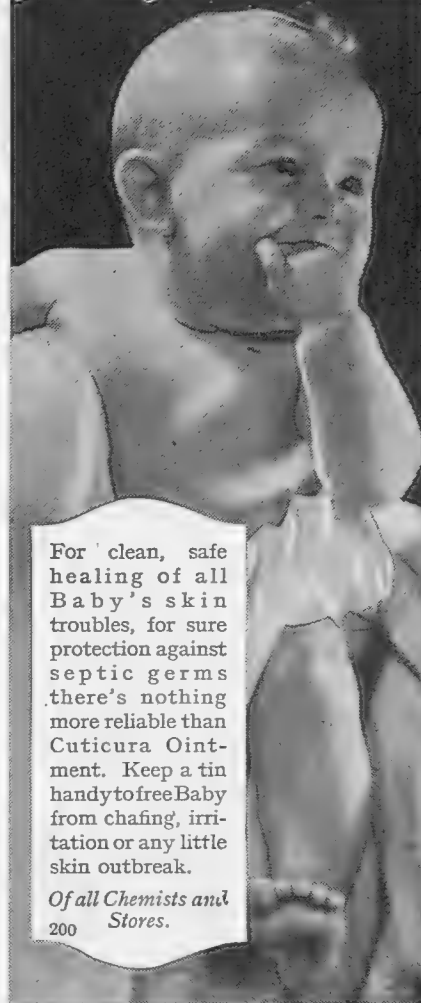
THE impact of austerity on the average housewife, whose man was already taxed to the ceiling, developed along clear-cut lines. Domestic strategy and tactics aimed at the avoidance of all waste, at getting the utmost value out of food, heat, light and clothes, and at producing one's own requirements whenever even faintly possible. The flower garden became the cabbage patch and mothers were to be seen on the allotment when normally they would have been gossiping. However, "the cauldron club" or communal washing day, gave ample scope for the exchange of scandal. At home, the family had to make do with less hot baths. The children helped by looking after fowls and rabbits in the back garden, and they even learned to mend their own clothes.

The extreme rarity of domestic help and the non-delivery rule by which housewives had to go out and do their own shopping and carry purchases home, were other drains on leisure which was apt to vanish altogether where women had to see to evacuees billeted in their homes. As for the customary amenities, social entertaining which entailed a meal, passed from human ken, and there resulted a rise in the popularity of local clubs. Sweets, toys and cakes for the children became luxuries hard to come by, and pets suffered from the food shortage. But Britain kept on feeding 3,000,000 dogs. Cats were not so lucky on account of the growing value of their fur, and because their flesh could be camouflaged as rabbit. Very queer fish also appeared on the slabs, strangers to the housewife who queried their origin.

At the summit of austerity, most holidays or "leaves" were spent either at home or in a series of daily outings not farther than one could go by cycle, carrying one's own food. Trains and motor coaches were cut right down and private cars were eased off the roads by a combination of no petrol and inability to effect repairs or replacements. Not that the countryside was the more silent in consequence: the ceaseless passage of mechanised traffic and military cars and motor-cycles saw to that. The quietest places were long stretches of seashore, often without a soul in sight. How tempting would be the sea on a hot summer's day! Yet austerity ordained that the civilian couldn't get into it save at rare and tiny spots where permission was given to crawl through the wire and other obstacles.

A certain type of person whose idea of Hitler wartime was (Continued on page 64)

Cuticura
OINTMENT
for Baby's delicate skin



For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.

Of all Chemists and 200 Stores.

JANE AND JUDY

ALTERATION SPECIALISTS

Expert in re-creating your disused clothes

+

Why not use the precious pre-war material lying idle perhaps in men's suits and great-coats. They can be unpicked and re-made into suits or winter coats

by

JANE AND JUDY

Ladies' Tailors: Dressmakers: Furriers Milliners

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1537

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London, S.W.1

Nothing can be produced out of nothing, said the philosopher... and the makers of Kia-Ora can but echo him in droughty moments. But when fruit juices are available, then indeed something of worth is made of them!



Lemon • Orange • Grapefruit
Lime Juice Cordial 2/6
Orange Barley, Lemon Barley 2/3



**Rationing means
fair shares**



**'Golden
Shred'**

The World's Best Marmalade



JAMES ROBERTSON & SONS
Preserve Manufacturers Ltd.
London Paisley Manchester Bristol



to drift around in his or her car, figuratively munching cream puffs, growled subterraneously against "silly, stupid, Bolshevik regulations," but the broad mass of Britain took austerity in its stride, and to many, being kept from the sea in summer was really an austere blow.

Life tended to become more and more localised and void of frills. Thus, there came about a total disappearance of the normal plethora of annual conferences and kindred excuses for outings; and no more banquets, dances, concerts; such as were formerly appended to them. Not that general dancing suffered. Hundreds of thousands in war service up and down the land performed to the latest swing, crooning or rumba, when they were not relaxing beside the wireless, or at concert parties, or over books and games. There seems, too, to have been a good deal of honest tiredness about in those strenuous days.

Nor did austerity hit the theatres or the cinemas. People insisted on retaining some forms of distraction and release and booking offices were besieged even when prices went up and the quality of entertainment came down. National sport, on the other hand, greatly receded and but for that supplied by the forces came near to being eclipsed. Of the hardy national staples, cricket, football, tennis, golf, racing, rowing, athletics, only a wartime form of racing really survived, together with Saturdays only "at the dogs." The usual crowd of improvers of other people tried hard to stop racing but this was difficult as the King had signified his approval of carrying on breeding by leasing horses from the National Stud; with which animals he proceeded to win classic races. But austerity put a severe stopper on hunting where other causes had not previously done so.

Coming on top of clothes coupons and utility wear, austerity brought a final influence on wearing apparel which never returned to the wasteful and often freak "slave to fashion" lavishness that characterised it down to 1939 and later. A more sensible, a more hygienic, and, by and large, a no less attractive conception was to develop for both sexes. The woman of small or moderate income realised her dream of having a frock designed by Molyneux, Worth or Hartnell. There were still people who demanded exclusive models but Queen Elizabeth II set an example in the other direction, and when the then Princess Elizabeth at the age of sixteen reviewed her regiment for the first time, she wore a utility costume similar to one which any girl of modest family could afford. All women's tailor-mades had to conform to an official simplicity style.

Many girls turned up at schools without stockings and were frowned upon. So were the slacks which hid the bare legs. Slacks abounded in all colours, shapes and sizes, and mothers wore them as they pushed their war babies in prams, smoking endless cigarettes the while.

Story of a South England Farm

(Continued from page 43)

dark, closely-confined hutches. Mine have portable grass runs and solidly-built, draught-and damp-proof houses. The only thing against the rabbit as a larder filling proposition, is its gay, attractive nature which must, of necessity, so quickly be destroyed.

Next year I plan to keep bees, for I hear that a bee master is coming to live nearby, and without his ministrations, I could not venture an assault on the private lives of these fabulous creatures.

The problem of food for my livestock is far less of a problem than I had feared. Without much difficulty I have been able to make an arrangement for local collection of house scraps. The hens get the bulk of this.

Ducks are natural scroungers, and under the free conditions in which they live here, need very little fancy feeding. The same goes for geese, only more so, until, of course, it is time to fatten. Rabbits present little

Posterity Views Austerity

When Roedean, the smartest girls' school, made an appeal for school clothes no longer wanted by old pupils; austerity's arrival couldn't be denied. Eton boys didn't lose their formal dress of top hat, swallow-tail coat and black trousers (the mourning attire adopted on the death of George III) but an Eton tailor started a second-hand ("used") clothes mart where boys who had outgrown their clothes, or old boys, might exchange or sell garments. Elsewhere, a barter system came into being, under which parents took their children's clothes to local depots and had them valued on points, and then exchanged for others. But when the parents themselves were invited to submit to a Government wardrobe-quiz designed to elucidate how many clothes coupons a year the average person really needed, there was point-blank, universal refusal. Peering in wardrobes was overstepping the bounds even in the cause of defeating Hitler.

"Ready-made undies," one culls from a prehistoric columnist, "have become more simple, frills and lace embroidery disappearing. But the needlewoman with a few yards of lace put by can still make her own embroidered lingerie. It's quite a problem for a bride, though, collecting a trousseau. The notion of a dozen of each garment as in grandmother's day, has just grown to be fantastic." Quotas of cosmetics were issued to chemists and beauty parlours every few months when, lo, what a rush there'd be by women dying to restore their complexions and morale! They were ready to face shot and shell, but not without a well-powdered nose and ruby lips.

The tale of men's apparel is shorter. Socks were shorter and so were shirt tails—until shirts became tailless. Sonnie's ambitions were cut short when long trousers for boys under twelve were prohibited. When the Prime Minister took to a zip-fastened boiler suit which he was able to get out of in ten seconds in order to hop into bed for his afternoon's nap the "boiler" became so popular that it had to be rationed. Men's suits had to be minus this and that, and once an Anglo-Indian was heard bellowing at his tailor: "What the hell d'you think I am—Gandhi or a nudist?" Cripps, though austere, was no nudist either. When a wax model of him was ready for showing at an exhibition coupons were necessary to clothe the figure. Who should provide them? Cripps? He needed them for himself.

Akin to the lull before the storm, austerity proved to be the fast before the plenty. During the struggle a good appetite had been generated by all and as freedom from want, not to say the first intelligently contrived plenty in history, gradually became a fact, tables began to groan in the old familiar way, and people once again turned up their noses at onions.

END

difficulty. On a place of this size there is greenstuff and enough to spare.

The market garden, in which I am assisted by an ex-airman, flourishes exceedingly in the old rickyard. This was a wilderness of couch grass, nettles, tins, bones, and flints. It was dug, double dug and thoroughly cleaned. Here, sheltered from the winds by high hedges, are the early potatoes, the fruit bushes, the silver beet, seakale, celeriac and Indian corn, together with the more ordinary vegetable.

One side has been given up to cutting flowers, for which there is a ready market on the doorstep. Tomatoes are grown in boxes on the sunny side of the L-shaped barn and stables. In one of the stables I am experimenting with mushrooms. If successful, I shall go in for this useful fungus in a big way.

The best way to deal with the orchard fruit gave me some sleepless hours. Labour

Britannia & Eve for July, 1942

being scarce and transport a major problem, I decided to sell the fruit from the trees, keeping a cherry, an eating and a cooking apple tree, for home consumption.

Despite the fact that profits will not be so high as if the fruit was gathered, I think my decision is wise; for, among other reliefs, the onus of bird "scarifying" falls on the purchaser, and incidentally benefits me by keeping the birds from the trees I have retained.

It is too early to talk about profits. This year it has been all outlay, and little come in. In any case, profits do not enter very largely into the smallholder picture. He is content if he earns keep for himself and family and a bit over. But, as I thought three months ago on those first sweating assaults on the earth with Biblical horse-plough and harrow, a farmer's life is a good life. To someone, like myself, country bred but city calloused by life, it is coming home.

END

Bugles Blow For These

(Continued from page 20)

There had been people in the cellars of those houses. An ambulance had come as near as it could. Wardens and firemen were tunnelling through the wreckage, while above them the walls swayed like tapestry. Another ambulance arrived, the two girls in charge jumped out and made their way towards the working parties.

The firemen uncoiled their hose among the rubble heaps. Already there were six streams playing upon the fire. A grotesque, asbestos-suited figure prepared to descend into the blazing crater with a plug which would shut off the escaping gas. They were doing the necessary things, coolly and methodically, just as though up above another bomber was not taking aim by the fire.

The bomb fell perhaps three hundred yards away. Again the stunning jar that seemed to numb the bones in the head, the eddying gusts of air, the sensation that streets and buildings had swayed like a painted backdrop. The wall which overhung the working party came down in a cascade of running brick. For a few moments the pall of dust hid everything, then Vincent saw that some of them had been able to dart clear. The first man up fell down again, wounded, but others were going back. Without hesitation or confusion, they were going back. They did not even glance at that malignant sky whence death could strike again. They went on patiently moving the bricks away, lifting out people, some of whom could stagger and exclaim; some of whom could be led away, and some who could only be buried again.

Well, he too had hands. He ran through the rubble heaps towards the houses.

"Lend a hand, will you, mite?"

The white-faced Cockney with "S.B." on his hat who had been flung flat by the blast was on his knees again. He looked not at Vincent but at the man who had been carrying the front end of the stretcher. Nothing could be done about him. Vincent stooped to the stretcher handles. On it was a girl in the uniform of the Women's Ambulance Service—one of the girls who had run lightly, youthfully, across this space a few moments before. The Cockney still dazed, kept muttering: "I never thought they'd get our Jean."

When they returned from the ambulance, the workers had uncovered the mouth of the cellar.

"Stretcher bearers, hurry!"

Vincent descended into the wrecked shelter. The dust-filled air was stabbed with beams from flashlights. There was the acrid reek of explosives and the smell of burned flesh. It brought back the agony of his own burns and he felt himself beginning to tremble. A girl with a dirty face and a white "A" on her tin hat was working over a huddle of rags, a doctor was giving an adrenal injection to an old man.

"Can I help, doctor?"

"Hold the light here." (Continued on page 66)

HOW AN ASTHMA sufferer found peace at last

They told her she would have to put up with Asthma all her life—that she would have to keep on losing her night's sleep and a day's work every now and then when the attacks were bad. But a good friend brought her a tin of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE and today she's a different woman, for directly an attack threatens she inhales the healing vapours and her Asthma is instantly relieved. Easy and pleasant to use. Banishes the strangling, gasping breathlessness. Breathing becomes easy and peaceful sleep soon comes.

Works wonders with Croup, Bronchitis, Coughing Fits, Whooping Cough, Hay Fever, Influenza, etc. Thousands have taken it successfully on the advice of their doctors. Get a tin today. All Chemists, Stores and Herbalists, 2/2 a tin (inc. pur. tax) or 2/5 post free from the makers: POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., 610 Artillery Lane, London, E.I.

A.C.8.

The quickly made sweet — *Healthful* — *Delicious*



An unexpected treat in wartime—Little Miss Muffet Fruit Flavoured Junkets. Milk in its most digestible form. Nourishing, because made with milk. Healthful and delicious because of their true fruit flavours. Yes, sugar (or saccharine) is required. Children love them. They look and taste so nice.

Little Miss Muffet

THE ORIGINAL
FRUIT Flavoured Junkets

Still obtainable—still only 7½d.
(makes 3 lovely pint junkets).

RASPBERRY—ORANGE—LEMON—VANILLA

HAPPY SNAPSHOTS

Will R. Rose

23 Bridge St. Row
CHESTER

For the finest
developing and
"MAGNA PRINTS"
(REGD.)

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in wartime a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutralizer of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant tasting toothpaste regularly, always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today. Sold everywhere, 7½d., 1/1 and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax).

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

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A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY



GRIGOR for
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Traditional quality
OLD SCOTCH WHISKY
in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON INVERNESS

IT IS GRAND TO HAVE A MEAL WITHOUT PAIN

Grateful Tribute to MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,

I have suffered from indigestion for 20 years or more. 6 months ago my sister begged of me to take MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which I did. I feel I must write to say how grateful I am as it is grand to have a meal without pain afterwards.

I was 7 stone 2 lbs. I am now 8 stone 5 lbs.

I tell everyone I know who suffers with indigestion how MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder has helped me. I now take a dose each night and shall continue to do so.

Yours sincerely,

(sgd.) Mrs. H. S.

Surely this letter must give new confidence and new hope to every victim of indigestion.

Remember, despite rationing, we still receive a good sufficiency of nourishing food—all the more reason for not passing it by because of indigestion. Even occasional or slight sufferers from stomach trouble should remember the real health benefits to be gained from being able to eat with relish and appetite.

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, therefore, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

This one was a young mother who had died trying to shelter her child with her body. Vincent felt a great surge of joy for the child seemed unhurt. She was about four or five, with bright fair hair. He held her in his arms, feeling the littleness of her bones while the doctor prepared an injection. Her eyes opened, she looked up at them with a clear blue gaze. Into her eyes came such a look of pain that Vincent could not bear to see.

"Too late," said the doctor.

Through the mist of horror, he felt himself falling.

THE shelter had been cleared. Every one had gone but the doctor and the girl with "A" on her hat. The doctor, preparing to go, gave him a curious look.

"New to this business. He'd be better outside."

The girl sat beside him, her arm over his shoulders.

"I know how you feel. Go ahead—cry or curse, pray or swear. I think you were lucky to faint. I wish I could."

"Don't wait for me. I'll be all right."

"You're a Canadian, aren't you? What are you doing so far from Canada without even a tin hat? Come on, there'll be more bombs falling," she told him.

He staggered when he stood up. He was still trembling, he felt sick and burnt out. She kept his hand as they went across the rubble heaps. The fire was under control, the other ambulances had gone.

"You'd better come with me," she said, and he got into the driver's seat beside her.

"First to the casualty clearing station. . . In the morning the papers will say that the casualties were not unduly heavy—but one of them was Jean—she was my mate." She was crying as she drove.

Afterwards, when the ambulance was empty, she asked: "Would you like to come back to the station?"

Her station was an old garage—empty now, for all the ambulances were out. At the back there was a built-on shelter with two rows of benches and a telephone.

"Even the supervisor is out—it must be a bad night."

She hung up her coat and tin hat and washed her face. She was young and dark and pale with weariness. She turned up the flame under the gas ring to make tea.

"Is this your first blitz, Canada?"

"In a way."

"The first is your worst, I think. They are killing a great many of us—there will be five hundred dead to-night. Perhaps we are wrong and deserve to die. For there isn't room in the same world for us and the people who built the machinery to do this—and did it when the time was ripe. Milk or clear?"

"Clear, please."

She was so tired, she drank her tea, resting her head on her hand.

"To-morrow is my day off. I'm supposed to go to Cambridge and report to my aunt. It will be quiet there . . . have you many friends in London?"

"No, just people passing through."

"Would you like to come down to Cambridge with me? It might be good for you to get out of London. It is peaceful there. We could take a punt and go on the river."

"I'd like to—but I've got a date with a man to-morrow."

They sat, not talking. The telephone was silent. At last the noise of explosions died, the darkness thinned. The banshee wailed on a rising note.

"The all-clear. Another night gone."

He stood looking down at her, ready to go, feeling odd about leaving her.

"Would you come with me to-morrow?"

She tipped up her surprised face.

"I wish you would. There will be a lot of people there. Nobody I know."

"One of those reception things? All right, Canada, I'll go and stand up for you."

She came to him across the sunlit pavement and people stopped to look at her. She was the sort of girl you might fall in love with at Ascot or in a lord's rose-garden. She was the flowering of a thousand years.

Bugles Blow For 'These'

England had shaped her, coloured her and allowed the strange and beautiful accident of her midnight hair and exotic wing-like brows.

She looked faintly surprised to see him in uniform.

"You'd better know my name," he said. "It's Vincent."

Hers, she told him, was Katherine Fitzhugh. "You don't know what a luxury it is not to drive but to be driven. Where are we going?—not that it matters on such a day." In a few moments the taxi stopped and she looked out.

"Why, it's Buckingham Palace."

After the investiture, they walked sedately in the Palace grounds.

"I should like," she said plaintively "to find a quiet place where I could shake you."

"Go ahead. Shake me till my medal rattles."

"It's not for deceiving me. It's not for saying a date with a man when you are meeting the King. It's for the colossal colonial impudence of asking a girl out and not telling her she was going to Buckingham Palace."

He stopped to look at her. Under the wings on his breast glittered the Distinguished Flying Cross. He was brushed and polished and pressed.

"I overheard the Groom of the Royal Bedchamber say to the Lord High Chamberlain: 'Did you get a load of the little number our Miss Fitzhugh was wearing?' and the Lord High Chamberlain said: 'Boy, oh boy! I didn't even see what she was wearing—'"

SHE laughed and put her hand on his arm. Around them were soldiers, sailors, airmen, air wardens and fire-fighters, with their wives and sweethearts. It was the men who had received the medals but the proud smiles were the women's. Their men, their common ordinary, bashful, cocky, cranky men had spectacularly underlined a principle with the offer of their lives and this day, in their Sunday best, had been certified as heroes by the King.

"How you blushed, Vincent, when they read your citation: 'For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty.' That means holding on through the bullets and flames, holding one for one more burst. Of course, I clapped my hands like every one else, but inside I was throwing up my hat and cheering."

"I can tell you something about your squadron. It was when you were holding Hell Fire Corner. Our station was in the East End, down among the docks, and every day you used to fight over our heads. We took the pride of ownership in you. 'What's the score to-day?' we would ask. 'How many have we knocked down?' We were only dock rats running from one fire to another but you were our heroes. Mary Devon was so proud when her brother was posted to your squadron."

He steered her round a bush into a secluded corner of greenery. His voice was husky.

"I feel very humble in the presence of dock rats—and stretcher bearers and firemen. They've knocked the glamour right out of me. Honey, I'm not the King—but here is my tribute to a Londoner." He took the cross from his tunic.

She was disturbed. "No, Vincent, it's not allowed. You are supposed to keep it or give it to your family. Think how proud they would be—"

"I've seen you twice—and I know there is no one whom I would rather have it than you."

He pinned the cross to her breast and felt her heart beating under his hand. They stood together, eyes searching eyes, caught in a swift, strong current of emotion.

"Do you hear bugles?"

"They're for you."

"They are for us." She surrendered to his kiss.

"We're a little mad, I think"—she was fluttered, breathless, as if it were a first kiss.

"We're not mad. We're very sane. Something inside us tells us to be quick. Like this." He kissed her again.

"No, no—" She struggled to be free. There was a wild confusedness in her look, a sort of young dismay at the onset of passion. "Vincent, go away—"

"Never!"

"But why—oh, it just can't happen like this! You—a stranger—" She stopped, her eyes on his face; her eyes were sober and true. "Are you? Something strange happened last night. I looked across a smoky shelter and saw you; you were kneeling down with such a strange look on your face, tender and glad. I was glad that you were there—it didn't seem so awful. Then this morning, after the all-clear, I hated to see you go. Vincent, what has come over me?"

He stuttered because his mouth was dry.

"The Vincents seem to be quicker than the Fitzhughs. It's a thing called love."

The bugles of the guard sang again.

She flung back her head gaily. There was a light on her lips, a glitter in her eye-lashes.

"Then blow, bugles, blow for love!"

THEY had until his train left that evening. "Then if it's courting we're about," she said, "let's be quick. I know the very place for it."

It was a little Thames steamer. It paddled them under bridges and sidled up to old stone steps. They gained the upper reaches where the lawns sloped to the river and the yellow evening light slanted over the land with its peeping roofs and the rounded shapes of woods.

They had dinner at an inn whose narrow, leaded panes overhung the water. That inn had dealt with lovers for a century; it served them with an antique twinkle and left them alone in their own special atmosphere. Afterwards the same little steamer, or another just like it, carried them back towards the city. They sat in the bows in the flow of air, with the quicksilver gleam of water below them and had the world to themselves.

"I feel," she said, "very curious. I feel as if I had leaped into cold salt water—and all the time the sun is warming me. All a tingle and a kiss. What have you done to me, Vincent? We Fitzhughs aren't frivolous like this—we tend to be slow and stolid—but dear heart, as we are obstinate, we are true."

"Who are you? Where do you come from?"

"Oh, we're a small, tough root of a family down Devonshire way. That village you saved from a bomber might have been my village. Once, they say, we were all fair or brown like the Normans but after the Spanish Armada some of us began to turn up dark like me. Isn't that scandalous?"

"Well, after all, it was two hundred years ago. I forgive you."

"I want you to be safe for a little while," she said, "until I can realise you. Tell me, when do you go back to duty?"

"Honey, I had better try and explain this. I was proud of being a fighter pilot. In the daylight air we did what we were designed to do. We knocked down his fighters and broke up his bomber formations. But when I saw what they did to you at night, I was sick and ashamed. Under our very eyes they are murdering a people. It isn't enough to take the usual risks of war. We've hated war—let's make them feel that hate. Let's sear it into their souls until it becomes a weapon that fights for us. Let's be as tough to protect as they are to kill. Even if it means waves of fighters flung blind into the bomber paths, flung like handfuls of shot. Sweet, I have to—I'm applying for transfer to the night fighters."

"Was that why you said we must be quick?"

"Not me alone—you too. Between us we can't muster much of a future, can we? This may be all we will have."

They stood in the murmurous dark of the station, waiting.

The train drew in and stood hissing. Voices called, little blue lights winked about it. A beam from (Continued on page 68)



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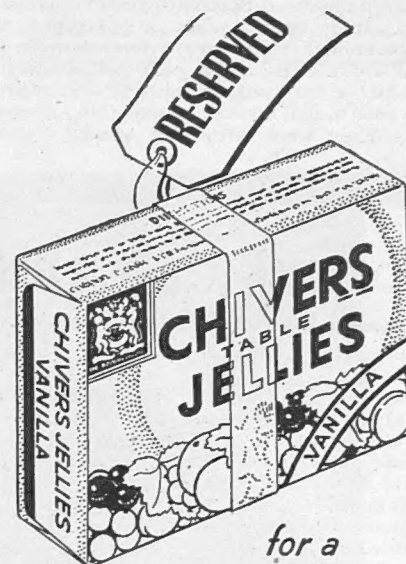
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Recipe: Make up half-pint of Chivers Jelly in the usual way, then make a half-pint of Custard Sauce without sugar. When Jelly is lukewarm, set a small quantity in bottom of individual glasses or moulds and mix remainder with the custard. When Jelly layers are firm fill up glasses with the mixture and leave to set.

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a lantern illumined the compartment opposite them. In it were a sailor, a girl typist, a workman in a cloth cap, a mother with a small boy of eight, and a good-looking, grey-moustached man with an armband who might have been a civil servant or something in the city. They were sitting in silence, tired out.

"There are your folk, Fitz."

"Yes, those are my folk. Patient, kind—

Private Amadu Frafra Obeys Orders (Continued from page 32)

They had crawled up to the position indicated by the platoon officer when the advance first began and since then nothing had happened. They had seen nobody, and heard not a sound but the buzzing of the swarms of big flies. In front of Amadu, the Bren-gun, mounted on its small tripod and with a magazine on in readiness, stood almost concealed in the grass. Another magazine lay alongside, with the loader sprawled out near it. The tripod carrier and the ammunition number crouched patiently in the rear. They were having a very dull time. Amadu had ordered them not to raise their heads on any account.

Another half-hour passed and still no further orders had reached Amadu. But this did not worry him. He had been told to stay there; and he had a plentiful supply of kola nuts to chew. And still chewing, he once more lifted his head above the grass to reconnoitre. Instantly his jaws stopped and his big eyes bulged.

"What this thing that come?" he shouted.

HIS three companions, glad to be allowed to look at something at last, immediately thrust their heads up and stared across the rough plain in front of them. They saw what Amadu had seen, but they had no reply to make to his question. Moving in their direction, just over a mile away, were five strange-looking objects spread out in a rough line and about a quarter of mile from each other. Four of them were away to the right of the gun's position. But the fifth seemed to be travelling straight towards it. They were dark grey vehicles, narrow-looking and tallish by reason of their turrets. And their shuttered armouring had a decidedly sinister appearance in the eyes of the Bren-gun crew, none of whom had as yet seen an armoured car. They gazed with open mouths in silence at these threatening apparitions, especially the one which was making a bee-line for them.

Amadu was the first to speak.

"I tink it be Italian armoured car like baturi (master) tell us," he said. "I tink I fit kill this one."

Four of the cars were by now steering a course well away to his right. But the fifth continued to make its way steadily towards them. It came along slowly, bumping over the rough ground at not much more than walking pace. Amadu lay stretched out behind his gun, holding it tightly, and never taking his eye from the sight for a moment. Suddenly there came a short burst of machine-gun fire from the armoured car. It was not directed at them in particular. Evidently the occupants of the car were a bit nervous and were occasionally spraying the ground in front in case any one was about. A few bullets whipped through the grass near the crouching Bren-gun crew.

"I no like this one," observed the ammunition carrier uneasily, taking another quick peep at the oncoming monster.

"Make you all go back small, and lef me," ordered Amadu, peremptorily, meaning that they were all to get under cover and that he would manage the affair on his own.

His three companions gladly availed themselves of the privilege of taking cover in a small copse some thirty yards to the rear. They by no means shared Amadu's confidence in his ability to "kill this one."

clinging to the things of good report—and as it's now arranged, a cross-section of to-morrow's casualty list. In a world that has no use for them, I do not want to live."

"Hush. We're going to live a thousand years. We're going to climb the Rockies and ride the white water and see the wildest sunrises."

The guard's whistle piped. She clung to him.

Left alone, Amadu concentrated all his attention on the advancing car. It was still bouncing along straight for him, and when about, three hundred yards away another burst of fire came from its turret. Most of the bullets whistled over his head and he could hear them clipping the twigs of the bushes behind him. His finger automatically curled round the trigger.

But just as he was about to press on it he recalled the white sergeant's instructions. Baturi had said he was to hold his fire till the armoured car came very close. He was not to shoot till he saw the whites of its eyes. Then, baturi had said, he would see something that would make him laugh. So Amadu curbed his impatience, and lay silent and hidden in the grass while the armoured car drew nearer and nearer.

The armoured car steadily approached. It was only a hundred yards away. Amadu thought it now looked much bigger and more threatening. But, with his eye along the sight of the gun and his finger on the trigger he hadn't the slightest fear. Had not the white sergeant assured him on the ship that the armoured car couldn't hurt him if he did what he was told? And Amadu believed him implicitly. He'd be quite safe if he waited till he saw the whites of its eyes.

There were four round holes in a line across the front of the car, just below the turret. As it came slowly nearer and nearer Amadu could see them quite plainly. These, he made up his mind, must be the eyes the sergeant attributed so much importance to. But so far there was no sign of any white in them. Staring fixedly at them along his gun Amadu could see nothing except four black sockets. Away over to his right he could hear quite a lot of machine-gun fire in the direction taken by the other armoured cars. The sound sorely tempted him to start firing himself, but with the white sergeant's exhortation firmly fixed in his mind he continued to lie silent and motionless in the grass.

Still the grey shrouded monster persisted in its juggernaut-like progress towards him. Forty yards away . . . thirty . . . twenty.

Amadu remembered that the sergeant had told him that twenty yards was all right. At the same time, he hadn't seen any sign of the whites of the eyes yet. And it was upon this that the sergeant had laid greatest stress.

The twenty yards was reduced to fifteen. For the moment the car's machine-guns had ceased firing. In any case, Amadu would have been safe from them now even if he had been spotted. They could not have been depressed sufficiently, so close was the car to him.

Amadu did not know this at the time. He did not even think about it. But he did begin to grow very puzzled because, although the monster was almost on top of him, still he hadn't caught so much as a glimpse of the whites of any of the four eyes.

Under cover in the copse behind crouched the other three members of the gun team also watching, with eyes starting from their heads, the relentless progress of the armoured car. They were too spell-bound to move. They just waited, staring, for the car to roll over Amadu and his Bren-gun and flatten him out.

Twelve yards. . . .

And now, just when his faith in the white sergeant was beginning to waver, Amadu saw what he had been waiting for. Inside

Bugles Blow For These

"Hold me tight. Tighter. Darling, even if we never see those sunrises—it was something to have been matched with this hour. It is sweet to have lived with the bugles blowing in your heart."

As his train moved from the station, the alert began to sound.

END

one of the four dark holes below the turret of the car something white showed. Probably it was a glint of the sun reflected from the driver's glass pane behind the armouring, or from some piece of polished metal. But for Amadu it was the promised white of the eye. He waited no longer. With cheek tight against the side of his gun butt he took careful aim and pressed the trigger. A stream of bullets tore through the armour on the front of the car.

To his surprise, however, there did not follow the "something to make him laugh," which the white sergeant had promised would happen in due course if his instructions were faithfully carried out. Instead, much to Amadu's dismay, the monster continued unchecked its lumbering career straight for him. He had just time to roll over and over on his side, dragging his gun with him, before it crashed over the very spot where he had been lying.

As soon as he recovered himself Amadu jumped to his feet, heedless of danger, and ran towards the armoured car which had now come to a standstill against a tree a few yards away. As he drew near, the door in the side of the car opened and two very scared-looking Italians wearing berets and olive-green uniforms, clambered out with their hands raised. When they saw Amadu, with the Bren-gun pointing their way, they began shouting frenziedly to him in a language he could not understand. But he understood well enough that they were surrendering.

By now he had been joined by the rest of his gun team. They all walked up and gazed inside the car. The driver had fallen forward in his seat. He was dead. He had caught the full force of Amadu's volley in his chest. Leaning heavily against the driver was another man in a beret, also dead. And on the floor in the rear of the car lay a third Italian, badly wounded and groaning in pain. A faint odour of cordite filled the interior, and here and there little curls of smoke began to appear, and a smell of burning. Amadu, still covering his prisoners with his Bren-gun, ordered his companions to drag the three bodies out of the car and to put out the flames that were spreading.

It was while they were so engaged that the platoon officer appeared. He had been making his way over to the Bren-gun post, and had witnessed all the closing stages of the little drama. He seized Amadu by the hand and shook it vigorously.

"That was the finest bit of work I've ever seen," he said, with enthusiasm.

Amadu's teeth flashed in a wide grin, and he rolled the whites of his big eyes with pleasure at the praise.

"This thing be easy," he replied. "I fit do some more."

And then remembering that it was some time since he had had a meal, he added as an afterthought:

"But my belly hunger too much."

The platoon officer, thinking of battalion headquarters only three hundred yards behind, right in the track of that armoured car, and visualising it in process of being shot up but for Amadu's intervention, laughed loudly.

"I can promise you a belly-full such as you've never dreamed of, my lad, when the colonel hears about this," he said.

END



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